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WHEN JUDGES FALL OUT, who shall decide? There are advantages as well as handicaps in the scattered authority of our courts. In New York City Justice Thomas W. Churchill of the State Supreme Court recently granted an outrageous injunction forbidding members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers from picketing within ten blocks of the building of the International Tailoring Company, a firm at Twelfth Street and Fourth Avenue. As most of the clothing industry of the city is within that area, the injunction virtually outlawed all activity by the union, however peaceable and no matter against whom directed. When, therefore, a strike was declared against the J. L. Taylor Company, in the same building as the injunction-protected firm, the union disregarded the sweeping order of the court and placed pickets on duty. They were promptly arrested on complaint of the International Tailoring Company and brought before Justice Aaron J. Levy, another judge of the State Supreme Court, for punishment. Justice Levy did not attack his fellow-judge's injunction as such—that would not have been etiquette—but in effect he expressed his vigorous disapproval of it. He held that the pickets had a right to demonstrate against their former employer and were not interfering with the International Tailoring Company. He added that the attempt to send the men to jail was a "high-handed proceeding." It was all of that. And Justice Churchill's action in granting, without hearings, his sweeping injunction made the State court an ally of the high-handed employer.

THE CHIEF RESULT of the Anglo-French debt agreement—and doubtless the chief intention—is to put the Administration in Washington in a corner from which it can hardly extricate itself. The arrangement is to liquidate France's debt to England of £623,000,000 by sixty-two annual payments of £12,500,000 (about $60,000,000). In fact this means that France will not repay the principal at all but will give Great Britain 2 per cent on it for sixty-two years and then call it off. Behind this there is a joker (or a joke on us) to the effect that the settlement is conditional on France's obtaining similar terms in adjusting her debt to the United States, which with interest amounts to more than $4,000,000,000. If France agrees to repay America on a more liberal basis, then Great Britain insists that the payments to her must be revised upward accordingly. Thus Uncle Sam is left to fall in line or pose before all the world as a Shylock. In consequence there is a burst of ill-concealed spleen in Swampscott and Washington and brave talk that the Administration will make its own terms with France. It will do nothing of the kind. For after all France holds the purse strings, not the United States. We have no way of collecting a single sou that France does not deliver voluntarily, and few Frenchmen regard the debt to us as morally valid. Mr. Coolidge can threaten reprisals through refusing private loans, but in the end he will take what he can get, although he will endeavor—perhaps successfully—to make our people think he is getting what he wants.

COLUMN-LONG COMMUNIQUÉS from the Moroccan front are suddenly blossoming in the American newspapers. The New York *Times* heads a front-page column "French Overcome Fierce Resistance of Riffian Rebels." Careful study of the dispatch reveals that the French army, 150,000 strong, has succeeded in advancing three miles on a fifteen-mile front against Abd-el-Krim's forces. But the French are advancing, and sometimes the dispatches tell how. Their army is preceded by aeroplanes, which count it victory when they bomb a Riff warrior's wife and children; when they take a village they demand the surrender of all its flocks and herds, failing which ten of the local chiefs are put to death. When a hostile tribe submits, a friendly tribe is turned loose to pillage as it will. It is rotten business, this warfare of the civilized French against the Africans. Thus far the French have been able to use their subject peoples—Algerians, subjugated Moroccans, Senegalese—to do the bulk of their fighting for them; but Abd-el-Krim is forcing them to use their own white-skinned boys on the front. And when casualty lists begin to dribble homeward there may, as Mr. Dell suggests elsewhere in this issue, be a new revulsion in France.

"AUTONOMY" SUCH AS PAINLEVÉ OFFERED the Riffians is an empty phrase in this age of empire. The Riffians knew that, and so did the canny Mannesmann brothers. That German firm lost its valuable mining concessions in French Morocco—by confiscation—after the war, but it retained valuable properties in what the statesmen

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called the Spanish zone. In that zone, where Abd-el-Krim now has his headquarters, the Spanish never ruled except on paper; but the Mannesmanns evidently feared that the French might go further. They have sold their concessions to an Anglo-American banking group, frankly avowing that they were selling for fear that if the Riff territory were conquered by the French their property might be confiscated. And thus the booty which was one of the driving forces in French hostility to Abd-el-Krim has eluded the Gallic concession-hunters. The sale of the Mannesmann concessions, however, is not likely to affect French policy. Prestige is at stake, and governments have before this sacrificed as many men as are in the entire French Moroccan army for little but prestige.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS have a new Governor, Captain Martin E. Trench, United States Navy. He is the sixth governor that the islands have had in the eight years since we bought them of Denmark. Captain Philip Williams, whom Captain Trench succeeds, was probably neither better nor worse than his predecessors. One of his last official acts was to get in a squabble with the Colonial Council of St. Croix over his appointments to that body, in consequence of which he dissolved it, thus taking away from the people of St. Croix such slender rights of representative government as the council possessed. We know nothing of Captain Trench, the new executive, but we have no hope that he will be able to end the political dissatisfaction and industrial depression which have developed since America took hold. What the Virgin Islands need is not a new governor—of whom they have already had too many—but a new government. It is impossible for any man to succeed so long as he comes as a representative of a war-making branch of our government and applies naval discipline to a people previously accustomed to a representative civil administration. How much longer are American citizens going to see all our traditions of democracy violated in our overseas possessions before they demand that Congress shall supersede naval autocracy in the Virgin Islands, Guam, and Samoa with civilian governments and a fair measure of popular rights?

BANKERS ARE SO FOND of posing as public benefactors, of assuring their clients of disinterested advice in regard to investments, that they owe it to their business reputations not to be caught in swindles as barefaced as selling gold bricks or the practices of a transatlantic card sharper. Besides, such practices are relatively dangerous and not sufficiently lucrative to assist materially in piling up the exorbitant profits to which bankers are accustomed. Hence it is with a jolt that we learn of a transaction by officers of the Gotham National Bank, a supposedly reputable institution of New York City with an imposing building on Columbus Circle overlooking Central Park. (Since the transaction in question the bank has been acquired by and now constitutes a branch of a prominent trust company.) In 1923 Miles R. Martin came to New York City from the Southwest with between $15,000 to $25,000 which he desired to invest. A friend gave him a letter of introduction to Charles H. Banning, assistant vice-president of the Gotham National Bank. The latter and Henry E. Lockwood, a "special representative" of the bank, advised Martin to lend $15,000 to a construction company which they said had been investigated by the bank and had ample resources as security. Martin took the plunge. But the company failed to live up to its promises, and he demanded the return of his money. He received about a third of it, and then sued the bank, Banning, Lockwood, the construction company, and the latter's owner for the remainder. Martin charged that previous to his visit to the bank the latter had lent money to the company, that the note had been protested for non-payment, and that later the bank was repaid out of his (Martin's) $15,000.

SUCH CHARGES AGAINST A BANK, an institution which poses as a disinterested benefactor of the public and its clients, are not nice. Unfortunately they appear to be true. At least Justice Faber of the New York Supreme Court has just rendered a decision holding the bank liable along with the other defendants for the return to Martin of the two-thirds of his loan which he failed to get back from the construction company. The records of the notes of the latter, filed in the bank, showed its financial weakness, says the judge, yet the loan was recommended. The decision is rendered in the restrained language usual to the bench, but it bares to the core a disreputable swindle by a supposedly reputable financial institution. Justice Faber says:

> The note of $2,450 owing to the bank and past due was uncollectable, and the bank stood in a position to lose that amount. It would have lost it had not the plaintiff advanced $15,000 on the fraudulent representations of Banning and Lockwood. . . .
>
> It is incredible that the plaintiff would loan $15,000 without some assurance from Banning and Lockwood that such a loan would be amply secured.
>
> Having reached the conclusion that the defendants, Banning and Lockwood, did knowingly make the false statements complained of, there is presented the question as to the bank's liability for the acts of Banning and Lockwood.
>
> We have here the defendant bank profiting by the fraud of its agents. It failed to repudiate them and refused to make restitution when the fraud was brought to its attention.

All the defendants, concludes the Court, "participated in the fraud and are equally liable."

A SENSELESS, CASUAL ACCIDENT swept out of existence two important representatives of the new Russia when Isaiah J. Hoorgin and Efraim M. Skliansky were drowned the other day at Long Lake, in the Adirondacks. Mr. Skliansky was head of the Moscow Textile Corporation and had just arrived from Russia to purchase machinery for several government factories in the Moscow district. He was only 32 years old but was already a widely experienced administrator and, as Assistant War Minister, had acted for several years as Trotzky's chief lieutenant in the organization and direction of the Red Army. Mr. Hoorgin was chairman of the board of directors of the Amtorg Corporation, which acts as purchasing agent of the Soviet Government. He was the highest Soviet official in the United States and the nearest approach to an ambassador permitted by our present relations with Russia. A mathematician and a professor of astronomy by choice and training, he knew how to adapt himself to any job, from that of housing commissioner in Kiev to that of commercial representative in the United States, where he had already built up Russian-American trade to better than the pre-war level. Personally he was a vivid, keen, and ironic

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individual, with a most amazing zest for life. Very few of the American business men with whom he came in contact could match his business and executive ability, and his outside absorptions ranged from the Einstein theory to poetry and the latest popular song. He had more than an amateur's interest in the new experiments in the stage and motion picture, and at the time of his death was himself engaged in a project for converting two well-known literary classics into motion-picture material.

THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME is marked by the very spirit of violence that it aims to check. It would "stamp out" crime—make laws stricter, sentences more severe, detection and punishment more swift and certain. And crime would continue unchecked. Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, in a recent issue of the Boston *Herald*, discussed the present "crime wave" with a skepticism designed to check the enthusiasm of alarmed and noisy reformers. We do not even know the extent of crime in America, says Dean Pound. Our statistics are largely unclassified and incomplete and certainly impossible of comparison with the crime figures of European cities. We tackle the question of crime without considering the social situations which breed lawlessness. We are laboring under a system of criminal j stice devised for a "rural, pioneer, agricultural America" which takes little account of the social convulsions involved in a change to an urban industrial civilization. Dean Pound advocates an endowment for scientific research into the whole question of crime and its causes; and he questions the value of all "hysterical crusades." Lawlessness and the attempt to check lawlessness by strong-arm methods are parts of the same social disease.

RICHARD KANE has offered $5,000 a year, to the first university which shall claim it, to endow a chair of motion-picture technique. Whether his press agent or his disinterested zeal for the welfare of the movies prompted the offer there is no doubt that far-reaching advances in the films are at hand. The intensification of business activity in the producing field is a reflection of this condition, just as the rise of the newer publishing houses went step by step with the contemporary awakening in American letters. The movie is one field of art where what is good may also be what is popular. Its technique precludes subtleties and its subject matter is necessarily simple—humor, pathos, melodrama, burlesque. Its chief difficulty is that of the pre-Elizabethan stage—the performers have developed faster than the authors, and in consequence there has been nothing to perform but second-rate material developed for the movie, or second-hand material adapted from other media. Exceptions like "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Last Laugh," have been, in the language of the trade, financial "flops" in the United States, and have discouraged producers from proceeding further in that direction. But "Caligari" and "The Last Laugh" failed not because of their merits but their defects—"The Last Laugh" was poetic but thin, and "Caligari" embodied technical experiments which did not satisfy even its originators. Writing for the movies, in any genuine creative sense, is a new art. In France Romain Rolland has written a "Revolt of the Machines," in Germany Ivan Goll a "Chapliniade." Robert Wolf's scenario, printed in this issue, is a pioneer American effort in the same field.

Transatlantic Criticism

THE mental habit most firmly fixed in the average London literary hack is the habit—so the complaint is frequently heard in New York—of slurring a new American book because it is American. The run of British reviewers undoubtedly delight in digging us. Their clichés for the purpose are as numerous as they are old, as contemptuous as they are convenient. The doctoral dissertation, of course, is easy prey; but poems are greeted with incredulity, novels with tolerance, and books which develop ideas with the reservation that, after all, the ideas come out of America. An eyebrow is lifted on most occasions at the language of the misguided author; "some curious feats of style" are noted, or some vernacular is set down as jargon. All in all, it might be guessed that an American book is the simplest of all books for an anonymous Fleet Street reviewer to dispose of. For he is heir to a whole century of condescension. It is roughly a hundred years since Sydney Smith asked his famous question: "Who reads an American book?" And hundreds of journalists since his day have testified that they cannot do so with pleasure.

Such an attitude is probably inevitable in a mother of many colonies—or, more generally yet, in any country that is old. If London condescends to New York, New York condescends—when she dares—to Chicago; and doubtless Chicago condescends to Omaha. It is a matter of age. It is also a matter of East and West. West is synonymous around the world with Youth. India, China, and Japan know how to be incredulous toward all Europe, and London cannot be taken too seriously in Bagdad or Benares. So is the contrary attitude of New York toward London inevitable, probably, in a literary capital which is conscious of its youth—particularly when there is an older capital which writes the same language. For New York has its attitude also. Americans are sensitive, as they have been for a century. They are quite too eager to make grandiose comparisons, to match achievement with promise, to nurse a national vanity already too great in other fields. There is the American hack, too, who sniffs at an English novel and intimates that had it not been thrust out of England it would never have come this far. There is the native commonplace that we must look at home for our literature. There is the pathetic talk about the Great American Novel. Eventually, it may be, the American reviewer will find it altogether easy to dismiss any British book with the effortless observation that it is British.

And what does the great world of readers do about all this? Nothing. Dickens continues to be devoured by thousands of Americans who never stop to think that he was an Englishman, or perhaps do not know it. Shakespeare is never identified by innocent persons with John Bull. Hardy is received without a qualm. Mark Twain, Whitman, Hawthorne, Poe, Jack London, and Upton Sinclair cross the ocean and are not protested against by Britons who are still ignorant of the fact that certain men and women read books for pay. The squabble seems to be confined among the lesser critics after all. The great critics disregard it; the great creative writers are generous to one another—witness Baudelaire and Poe, Scott and Irving, Symonds and Whitman, Tolstoi and Thoreau, Carlyle and Emerson. The public quite rightly leaves the hacks to play as they like with their rubber stamps.

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A Letter to the Miners' Chief

CHRIST J. GOLDEN,

President, District 9, United Mine Workers of America; Chairman, Anthracite Miners' Scale Committee, Shamokin, Pa.

DEAR MR. GOLDEN:

You are one of the high officials of the United Mine Workers of America. You joined your colleagues in calling a strike in the anthracite districts on September 1. You are also, as we happen to know, a man of warm heart, good sense, sound judgment.

Now what, precisely, are you planning for the coal industry? You have enormous power, actual and potential, covering the most important single resource in contemporary civilization. Without coal, industry becomes meaningless; and without anthracite, New England tends to slide into the Arctic Circle. And not to lighten your burden, you have the day-by-day welfare of 155,000 anthracite miners, and, indirectly, of half a million bituminous workers, in your keeping. But the broad outline of your policy and that of your colleagues is difficult to discover.

What is happening today in anthracite happened in 1917, 1920, 1922, and 1923. With the beginning of the war in 1917 bituminous as well as anthracite coal rushed up to panic prices. The public howled. (By and large, howling marks the limit of consumer intelligence, Mr. Golden.) The Fuel Administration was established, and for two years ran coal as it ought to be run. The miners had a proud share in that. The Fuel Administration determined requirements, and adapted production to them. It met requirements from the nearest mine, and thus saved untold competitive crosshauling. The consumer's howls died in his throat, and to the best of our knowledge the miners were more steadily at work and better satisfied than at any period before or since. Which shows that, technically and humanly, the efficient control of the coal industry does not transcend the boundaries of human intelligence. It took war psychology to prove that it could be done, but obviously it can be done.

In 1920 came normalcy. (Again we stand uncovered before the solemnity and beauty of that word.) Normalcy! The war control of fuel was lifted; the price of bituminous soared skyward, reaching an altitude hitherto unknown in human affairs; operators, jobbers, retailers joined in an orgy of profiteering. The public again roared and howled. Then along came the panic of 1921 and prices dropped into the cellar. The public lapsed into silence. In 1922 prices climbed again. A coal commission was appointed. It issued reports—good reports. And while the reports were tumbling from the presses, the operators and jobbers were trebling their margins. And now in 1925 stove coal, with a fifty-cent boost, leads the way upward again.

The United Mine Workers are not to blame for all this; there have been many other forces at work. But your responsibility becomes increasingly grave. As we said before, your policy is a little difficult to locate. So far as we can discover it at all it seems to be "he-man stuff." That may be good in the movies, but it has cost you a drop from 60 per cent union production in the soft-coal fields to 40 per cent in a few months' time, with utter disorganization in the Northern fields. Meanwhile substitutes for hard coal are on the verge of disorganizing the anthracite fields. The recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in respect to freight rates on those same substitutes will not help you. The use of bituminous as a substitute will further the overdevelopment of an industry already 50 per cent overdeveloped.

We realize that the anthracite strike will group the thirty-six idle days that the industry now requires in each year, and thus make the vacation more agreeable; and that the strike may operate to bankrupt a number of marginal mines, thus forcing down some fantastic royalty rates. But, after all, these are small benefits as measured against the premium on substitutes, overdevelopment, public ill-will, and the return to the old program of sweeping round in circles. There is nothing in this strike to keep a mad dance from growing even madder.

And so, Mr. Golden, what do you propose to do to help out coal? We know very well that it is easy enough for editors to tell you what you ought to do when, if they had in a year the concrete problems which you have to meet and decide in a day, they would go stark mad. We cannot tell you just what your policy should be. But we have one or two general suggestions which may not be out of place.

To begin with, do you know what the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America have done in the past few years? Once organized, they dropped the "he-man stuff"; they have moved a long way toward actually operating their industry. They know the exact financial condition every month of every employer, and with these facts in hand their strategy is not to club every head they see, but to go easy with those firms which are weak and only curb those which are strong. In exchange for helping to set up and maintain production standards in the shops, they have taken out in wages and in unemployment benefits about all the industry can stand and keep healthy. Theirs is not a policy of Stand and deliver; they ask: How much can we get and keep the ship seaworthy? They have made themselves, to a large degree, responsible for a more efficient conduct of their industry, and in return they have steadier work, better pay, and happier relations with their employers. Perhaps there is something in it, even for coal.

Again, there is the proved tangible performance of the Fuel Administration. We cannot get those two years out of our heads. Production was geared to requirements on a balanced-load basis. Is there any other way in heaven or earth whereby, technically, coal can at once keep its miners busy and serve its public at a reasonable cost? This means a budget and some sort of centralized regulation—governmental or otherwise. If nobody else steps forward the operators may do it themselves. They launched a billion-dollar soft-coal consolidation the other day. Somehow we would not particularly care to be a miner if and when the operators do all the coordinating themselves.

Finally, it seems to us that the Coal Commission made a worth-while suggestion as to anthracite wages. An earnings pool, a reasonable return on capital, and a division of the surplus. The British arrangement gives 83 per cent

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of such surplus to the miners and 17 per cent to the operators. There may be an idea there. If ever there were a natural monopoly which belongs in public rather than in private hands it seems to us that it is the unmined reserve of anthracite in that tiny square in Pennsylvania.

Philosophers or Fools?

BY a cruel coincidence the faith in certain quarters that the future of civilization depends upon an educated public opinion comes at the same time with the conviction in other quarters that public opinion will be the last of all things to rely on when the race between culture and catastrophe grows really desperate. Optimists, remembering how little voice the people had, for instance, in determining the terms of the late peace, persist in the belief that once the diplomats and arch-capitalists are out of the way the sailing will be easy. Their belief is founded on the assumption that the will of the human race by and large is to see justice and intelligence prevail, and of course they assume also that the race will recognize justice and intelligence. Leave the public to itself, they say, and it will work for the supreme good of humanity.

"Little enough the herd cares for that," cries a man as wise as Havelock Ellis. And in his use of that fourth word lies all the difference between two points of view. Doubtless it is an issue as old as the world, this issue as to whether we shall say "public" or "herd." But the debate has been particularly pointed during the past century or more, when, parallel with the great stream of liberal thought which has flowed unceasingly from the springs of political faith, there has run an equally powerful stream of cynical speculation upon the mob. The disagreement between John Stuart Mill, who according to Carlyle proceeded to write books on the theory that England was populated by philosophers, and Carlyle, who according to Mill wrote even more books to prove that it was populated by fools, is classic. But the disagreement has persisted, and it is perhaps particularly alive today.

That the cynics are growing in number may or may not be a result of the war; at any rate they are asserting with fresh and engaging eloquence that the popular mind, left to itself, does not advance enlightenment. And they would seem to be justified by the war stampede, the Ku Klux Klan, the fundamentalists, and the anti-evolutionists. Yet it is well to remember that in these four instances (among many others) the popular mind has not been left to itself. It is, in fact, never left to itself. There was a patriotic press to befuddle it eight years ago; the Klan has leaders today; the original fundamentalists were officials of a church; and there was Mr. Bryan.

It is well to remember also that there is Mr. Darrow; and it is permissible to hope for more of his kind who will be courageous enough to face the crowd and plead the cause of reason. That cause, of course, must win its ultimate victory in the individual mind. The public may be educated to hate war; it is for each soul in its own loneliness to discover what shall be loved. A philosopher is one who loves wisdom, and a fool is doubtless one who loves demagogues. There seems to be no good reason for supposing that the people—in the absence of demagogues—will forever despise wisdom, or ever wholly cherish it.

Standing in the Need of Prayer

It's me, it's me, O Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer;
It's me, it's me, O Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer.

THUS sang the old-time Negro. But today, according to the light of the union coal miners of Oklahoma, it is strike-breakers who most especially are standing in the need of prayer. And the union men to the number of about a thousand who recently walked out of five mines rather than accept the 1917 wage scale with open-shop conditions, contrived that those who tried to break the strike should have prayer in abundance. The old-fashioned religion is having its innings in Okmulgee.

Every day when the strike-breakers quit work they found the road leading from their mine lined with union men with their wives and children. The first gesture of the pickets, armed with American flags, was to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Followed a hymn or so. Then, all baring their heads, one of the union men lifted his voice:

> Lord, let no harm come to these men. Hold up the mountain-sides that no rocks may fall upon them. But, Lord, let Thy light shine upon them and show them the blessings of unionism and the sin of depriving union men and their wives and families of their daily bread.

After the prayer came individual appeal.

"God save your soul, Jim Pocatelli."

"God bless you, Tom Murphy."

As usual, tactics of non-resistance proved more efficacious than violence. Strike-breakers were weaned away from their jobs at such a rate that the mine owners had to appeal to the strong arm of the law to help them. The compliant sheriff of Okmulgee County issued a proclamation against prayer meetings and "religious procedure" by the picketing miners. Two unionists disregarded the sheriff's fiat and were obliged to conclude their prayer meeting in the county jail. A judge as compliant as the sheriff decided that the twain had been guilty of unlawful assemblage and held them for trial in October.

As a further means of suppressing non-resistance and counteracting the subtle power of prayer the Governor of Oklahoma sent State troops to the mines. The soldiers were met with equally gentle but disturbing tactics. In their presence the picketing miners were seized with a frenzy of patriotism having its outlet in a continual singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," which compelled privates to jump to attention and officers to stand stiffly at salute.

Governor Trapp (who recently failed by only a few votes of impeachment because of his activity in helping Seminole County to dispose of bonds through his own bonding agency) has upheld the suppression of "religious procedure" by the union miners, declaring it to be intimidation under the guise of worship. But according to the Oklahoma *Leader* he has had a hard time keeping the people of the State, who are fundamentalist, from seeing the strike from the strikers' viewpoint as a result of the union miners' tactics. It is all right, the people believe, to jail pickets, but to imprison evangelists is another matter altogether.

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Loony*

A Modern Movie

By ROBERT L. WOLF

Drawings by Louis Lozowick

Part I

Sub-Title: THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

SCENE 1. The ground floor of an immense factory. The ceiling is supported by large round iron columns, the nearest in the right center, and thence stretching back in an indefinite row. Around each of the columns, about two feet higher than a man's head, is pasted a large rectangular white poster, reading in three lines:

LOONY GAS

THE GAS

WHAT IS

To the left of the columns is a long row of large machines, one behind each interval between the columns. The machines look something like immense Mergenthaler linotype machines—they evidently go down through the concrete floor, and are each equipped with two large arms, one reaching forward, the other back, that clank up and down, not together, but successively, in a perfectly regular rhythm. With each clank down of the forward arm, a large-sized drum of gasoline rolls from the machine, rolls forward with great rapidity over the floor, out an open door on the extreme right (one for each machine), and down a plank runway. The whole right side of the factory is practically open, except for the stanchions between the doors, but not too much light comes in. To the left and rear, the factory apparently extends back indefinitely. At each machine is a man in a soiled white cotton undershirt (shoulder sleeves) and soiled loose blue-jean pants. All the men have high cheekbones and thin cheeks—each works in a practically identical rhythm, bending forward and down (to the right rear of the set), with a mop of waste in one hand, to oil a part of the machine and pull a lever for each drum that comes up and out. The drums come at the rate of thirty to the minute, which means that each man bends and straightens thirty times to the minute, and each arm of each machine rises and falls thirty times. The rhythms are almost identical but not quite. On the nearer head of each drum is printed in large square white capitals, LOONY GAS—this goes round and round as the drum goes forward, and of course can not be read. The general impression is of the maximum noise and dizziness.

SCENE 2. Close-up of the head of a barrel, the camera stationary with reference to the barrel. We see the barrel swung out and down by the large forward arm. Instantly machine, floor, and workers start going round and round the head of the barrel, and disappearing left, the barrel also moving very slowly across the picture from left to right. The large white capitals LOONY GAS on the head of the barrel are the only thing in the picture not rotating. Gradually the camera becomes independent of the barrel; the barrel commences to rotate, the walls and floor slow up—and this section of the scene ends with the building in normal position, while the barrel shoots with inconceivable rapidity to the right out of the doorway.

The camera shifts back to command a full view of the factory. In a station like a steel cage in the center of the ceiling (not particularly visible in Scene 1) sits a foreman, leaning out over the edge in all directions to shout his orders. The camera slowly moving takes in one of the barrel-machines almost under the foreman's cage. The workman in charge stops for a minute to scratch his head. The machine continues working. Instantly the foreman leans out over the side of his cage—

SCENE 3. Close-up of the foreman's megaphone. The camera shifts back with maximum rapidity to the workman, who jerks his hand from his head and gets to work at feverish speed. To the right, through one of the open doorways, comes a line of ten or fifteen workmen in wide trousers and short blacksmiths' aprons. A barrel shoots over them and rolls them all out flat.

SCENE 4. Close-up of the rolled-out workmen. They have no thickness; they lie flat like pancakes.

SCENE 5. Close-up of the foreman's megaphone.

Caption: "ARE YOU DOWNHEARTED?"

SCENE 6. Close-up of the pancaked workmen. They leap to their feet and shout up to the foreman:

Caption: "NO!"

SCENE 7. Approximately the same as Scene 1. The camera slowly turns to take in a full sweep of the factory, then it slowly rises. The tops of the machines appear, the foreman, the tops of the pillars, a slice of the floor above comes into view, as the factory floor goes down out of sight. The floor above is a wilderness of bookkeepers, each seated on a tall four-legged stool, each at a slanting table, at work on a huge ledger.

SCENE 8. Close-up of a page of a ledger, with a bookkeeper's hand writing on it. Headed: THE LOONY CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY. SALES. The camera shifts around to take in his face. Still writing, his mouth opens in a slow and capacious yawn. The camera comes closer, so that the yawn occupies the entire picture.

SCENE 9. Same as Scene 7. The bookkeepers' floor. The camera slowly rises through this floor, takes in a wilderness of green-shaded lamps hanging on cords from the ceiling, a section of the floor above, the floor above, stops. The floor above is filled in all directions with stenographers, each with a typewriter at a little typewriter table, each with a pencil and shorthand notebook beside her, each chewing gum, each with bobbed hair. The camera stops for a moment or two. There is no individual action to the typists, except that every once in a while one or another of them leans over to puzzle out a word, and scratches with the point of her pencil in her hair. The camera moves slowly up through this floor to the floor above. Here are mechanical draftsmen, at flat pine drawing tables, with large T-squares and sheets of paper. The camera moves up. On the floor above are P. B. X. telephone operators, each with a little ear-phone on her head. Above this are men and women clerks at office-desks. Above this office partitions with Private on the doors and office boys in the corridors. The camera's flight upwards becomes a dizzy rush. Floor after floor passes, each occupied, but finally so fast they can not be seen. The camera halts at the directors' room.

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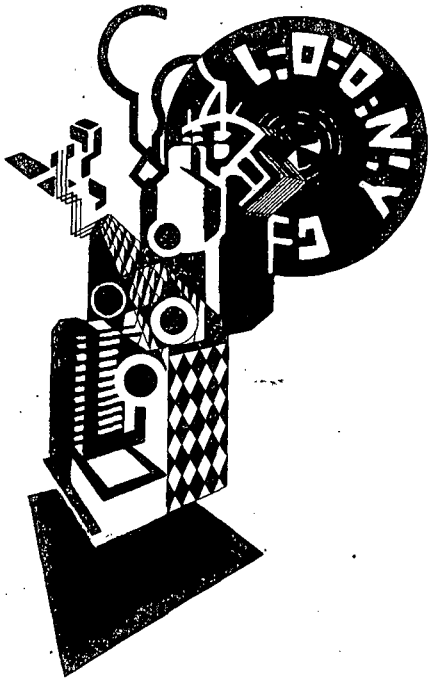
The directors' room is the only one of these rooms that does not extend indefinitely in all directions. An enormous oval mahogany table fills the center. A large picture of Calvin Coolidge adorns the rear wall. There is a mahogany ticker in the corner, and a tall basket for ticker-tape. Fifteen directors, all uniformly plump, portly, well-shaved, and rubicund, are standing or sitting around in various postures. One is reading the ticker-tape. One is standing with his hands behind his back admiring the portrait of President Coolidge. Most of them are sitting with their feet on the table, reading business letters, reports, or the financial page of the paper.

The camera slowly rises. This is the top of the building. There is a conical roof. On top is a flagstaff, and a whistle. This is very high up—nothing can be seen but gulls, and the tops of other buildings.

SCENE 10. Close-up. The whistle blows, with a jet of white steam. Instantly the camera sinks down. The directors take their feet off the table with a bang. On the floor below office managers put off their black silk coats and put on their street coats. On the floor below clerks close their desks. The camera sinks with a rush. The office boys, the telephone operators, the clerks are all going home. The camera stops at Scene 8. The yawn is still going. The bookkeeper closes his mouth with a snap—all the bookkeepers get up and close their ledgers.

SCENE 11. The factory on the floor below. The machines go more and more slowly, and gradually stop. The workmen wipe their hands with waste. They get down their coats, and file out of the factory.

SCENE 12. The outside of the building. An imposing white stone skyscraper, which goes indefinitely up. In the left foreground are the factory doors, out of which come the workmen. In the center, rear, is the office entrance. Above the entrance is LOONY CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY in raised stone letters. The directors file sleekly out of the office entrance. The workmen, bunched in the left foreground, snatch off hats and caps and stand in attitudes of deepest respect. Fifteen landaulets, each with the back open, each with a highly dressed director's wife in the rear seat, pull up at the curb one after another with absurd rapidity, and take away the directors.



SCENE 13. We follow a file of workmen through the streets. Empty factory buildings slide by, each square, made of stone, unlighted. The workmen come to a tenement house. This is made of concrete, in perfectly plain rectangular lines. It is merely a nest of square cells. The workmen file in through a square doorway.

SCENE 14. The model tenement house, with the front removed. Nightfall. An indefinite number of small square rooms, up, down, in all directions, each whitewashed, with one light lit, each containing a man, a woman, and two children. On the right-hand wall of each room is a large white enameled wash-tub, instead of a sink, with a cold water tap over it. To the left-center, rear, is an unpainted kitchen table. There are four chairs, and a long framed motto toward the center of each rear wall. Each room is seen from a semi-diagonal position, extending back toward the left rear. At least twenty or thirty can be seen in the picture. As the scene opens, each woman (but not in rhythm) is setting the table. She fills four glasses with water from the tap, and cuts four slices of bread from a loaf on the table. During the scene all the men come in, the ones on the lower floors and toward the center first.

SCENE 15. Close-up of a room. The framed motto is seen to be WE LOVE OUR DIRECTORS. A man, a thin woman, and two thin children sit down at the table, and start drinking their water and eating their bread.

Sub-Title: BUT IN THE MEANTIME—

SCENE 16. Dusk but not dark. A tall, somewhat thin, plain front office-building in another part of the city. Two large moving vans drive rapidly up. Out of each moving van jump pairs of energetic men, seize plain oak office-desks, and carry them upside down into the building. Each man is well-shaven, about forty, with high cheek-bones and spare cheeks, dressed neatly but very plainly in a pepper-and-salt gray suit. Most of them wear close-cropped mustaches. Four desks go into the building, two men to each desk.

SCENE 17. Same as Scene 15. The room in the model tenement, but from a different angle. The table can still be seen, but not the wash-tub. Against the left-hand wall is a narrow bed with the two children asleep. Against the rear wall is another bed, the man and woman on their knees before it, saying their prayers. They are each in long white nightgowns. That of the woman covers her entirely—the man's feet stick out of his toward the audience. A fly lights on one foot, and without moving otherwise he twitches one great toe. IRIS-OUT on the fly.

SCENE 18. Same as Scene 16. Other three desks go up. The fifteenth man carries a large plain-framed picture under his arm.

SCENE 19. Close-up of the picture. It is seen to be a photograph of these fifteen men, with a brass label: CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BOL(sh—!)EVIK PARTY.

SCENE 20. Close-up of the label. The camera slowly spells it out. At (sh—!) is a double exposure—a pair of lips and a finger over them, seen faint.

SCENE 21. Same as Scene 18. The second van pulls up to the curb. Office boys pile out, each in blue serge trousers, vests, and shirt-sleeves, each carrying a very large wooden box full of paper, typewriters, writing materials, etc., which can be seen sticking up from the open top. The office boys disappear into the building.

SCENE 22. The tenement house, same view as Scene 14, but without the front wall removed. In each direction stretch the lighted windows of the tenements. It is dark, and men and women in night-clothes can be seen moving through the windows. One after another the lights wink out and the building darkens. The camera moves very rapidly through the dark streets, unlighted buildings rushing by, and halts in front of a row of imposing residences. These are ablaze with lights, which go out one after another as the scene continues. An automobile drives rapidly up to one of them, and deposits a director and his wife in evening clothes. The last lights gradually go out and leave the row in darkness. The camera rushes rapidly through unlighted streets, and halts before the office-building of Scene 16. The camera moves up past unlighted windows, and stops opposite a floor high up on the building. Lights flash on, a window is thrown up, and a man leans out and busily commences to nail up a huge lighted electric sign reading:

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE
COMMITTEE OF THE
BOLSHEVIK PARTY

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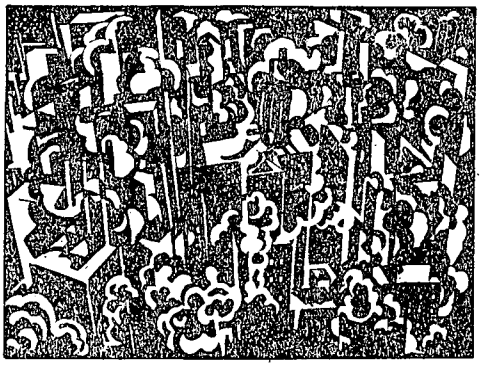
Part II

Sub-Title: THE GREAT GAS STRIKE

SCENE 23. Same as Scene 1. The factory in full blast. Workmen working, barrels rolling. Through the open door in the right foreground comes flying a folded newspaper. It lands at the feet of the nearest workman. The camera moves closer. The workman pays no attention, but continues stooping and rising in rhythm with his machine. After a space of time so long that he seems not to have noticed it, the workman gradually twists his head around so that he can keep one eye on the foreman, and without looking at the newspaper, opens it in successive dabs as he continues tending his machine.

SCENE 24. Close-up. The paper unfolding, and the workman's hand coming in and out of the picture as he dabs at it. The paper gets completely unfolded, and the hand no longer appears. It lies open on the floor, front page showing, name of the journal, *THE BOLSHEVIK*, and across the top a big headline: WHY DO YOU DO IT? After a few moments the workman's head appears, bending toward the paper with each stoop as he tends the machine. His face registers amazement and avid interest, and each successive stoop brings him nearer and nearer the headline until he almost touches it with his nose. The camera slowly backs away, and as it does so the workman slowly twists his head to get a view of the foreman instead of the paper.



An oiler carrying a small oil can with a very long nose comes up to this machine and starts oiling it. The oiler stands with his back to the first workman, but only a foot or so away. The first workman cups his mouth with his left hand and shouts into the oiler's ear each time he straightens up, but there is too much noise for the oiler to notice.

SCENE 25. Close-up. The oiler's face—left side—stolid, intent on his business. The first workman's head comes and goes, still fruitlessly trying to attract the oiler's attention. Finally on one downward stoop he butts the oiler between the shoulders. The oiler's face instantly turns around, much startled; he sees the first workman's pointing finger, and notices the paper on the floor. The camera follows his head down. Twisting like a contortionist, he continues oiling while he brings his face to within a few inches of the floor. The paper and its headlines again comes into view, this time with the oiler looking at it, registering the same avid interest. The camera shifts upward to take in the rest of the factory. Similar papers come flying in through other open doors. The workmen, without stopping work, try to open them in every conceivable way—with their hands, their feet. The rain of folded papers becomes a deluge. They fill the air. The foreman stands up in his platform, shouting, gesticulating. The men are out of hand—they keep the machines running, but openly devour the papers. The papers without piling up on the floor fill the air so thickly that the scene is blotted out in whiteness.

SCENE 26. Bolshevik headquarters. A square room high up in an office-building, large enough to hold some fifteen desks. The desks are placed irregularly about, but all either parallel or at right angles. Each is a plain, flat-top, oak office-desk, with three drawers down each side and short legs beneath. The walls of the room are lined solid with stacks of newspapers; no windows can be seen, and only one door. At each desk sits a member of the Central Executive Committee, actively pounding a typewriter. Office boys are continually passing and repassing in the space between the desks; each boy carries on his arms a two-foot stack of folded newspapers. They enter by the door on the right and walk out through the left front of the picture, boys with their arms loaded continually passing both ways in every space between the desks.

SCENE 27. Outside the headquarters—same building as Scene 16. Moving van after moving van backs up to the curb, is filled with newspapers, and drives off at incredible speed.

SCENE 28. The factory, same as Scene 25. Order has been restored. Boys with long-handled brushes, like street-cleaners' brushes, are everywhere brushing up the floor. They have brushed the papers into a long line toward the right. Occasionally a single paper flies in, but it is instantly swept up with the rest. Through a door, as in Scene 3, but not the same door, comes a line of workmen, almost but not precisely as in Scene 3. A barrel rolls over them and rolls them out flat.

SCENE 29. Close-up of the foreman's megaphone. He leans and shouts, as in Scene 5:

Caption: "ARE YOU DOWNHEARTED?"

SCENE 30. Close-up of the rolled-out workmen. They get up and consult.

Caption: "WELL . . .

SCENE 31. Same as Scene 30. The workmen still consulting. They turn and shout to the foreman:

Caption: "NOT JUST YET!"

SCENE 32. Inside the foreman's cage, built like a train dispatcher's box. It is made chiefly of steel slats, like a fire-escape, but is solid enough to hold a chair, and in front of the foreman (to the right rear of the set) a telephone and a shelf. At his left, right, and in back, the sides of the cage go up only waist-high. He leans out an ugly mug first in one direction, then in another, shaking his head and scowling. On the shelf in front of him is a cuckoo clock, old fashioned, the only thing in the whole room not modern and machine-made, with a silver plate TO JOHN, FROM THE BOYS. The camera shifts so as to concentrate on the clock. In the immediate background is a large sign, LOONY GAS. The cuckoo comes out of the clock. The camera shifts slowly so as to include the foreman as well as the clock. The cuckoo comes out again. The foreman nods slightly, counting. The cuckoo comes out twelve times—it is twelve o'clock. The foreman pulls a rope in the left rear.

SCENE 33. Close-up of the hand pulling the rope. The camera follows the rope up—the successive floors rush by so fast they can scarcely be seen, to the top of the building. The rope is attached to the whistle. The whistle opens—a jet of white steam comes out.

SCENE 34. Bird's-eye view of the top of the city. Millions of similar roofs and whistles and flagstaffs like this one, with the whistles all blowing.

SCENE 35. Same as Scene 33. The camera follows the rope down—the floors rush by in an indistinguishable blur, but slow up as the lower ones are reached. The stenographers have all closed their notebooks. Each one takes out a little square pasteboard lunchbox. The bookkeepers get up from their stools and stretch. On the factory floor the machines slow down and stop, the barrels also stopping, some of them halfway across the floor; the workmen get out tin lunch pails. They eat standing or sitting irregularly about—newsboys come into the building. Several of the workmen buy papers.

SCENE 36. Close-up of three workmen standing reading a paper over each other's shoulders. As they face toward the audience, the picture shows the back of the paper. On the

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back is a half-page ad: LOONY GAS IS *GOOD* GAS. While they are reading, a smaller newspaper, doubled, slowly, very slowly, slides out from between the pages of the larger sheet. The workmen pay no attention—they apparently have not noticed. As more and more of the smaller sheet appears, it is seen to be a copy of the *BOLSHEVIK*. It slides out folded edge down. When it has almost slid free, the workman on the left of the picture, still without giving it any apparent attention, slowly lifts his right foot, hooks it into the fold of the paper, brings the paper up and around and secures it behind his back.

After a moment the camera follows the paper around. View of the men's backs, of the larger paper over their shoulders. The man holding the *BOLSHEVIK* slowly slips it into his other hand, brings it forward, and suddenly inserts it over the other paper.

SCENE 37. Close-up of the three faces, half-front, reading the capitalist paper. Two of them registering extreme apathy, the third extreme concentration. As the *BOLSHEVIK* is inserted, the two apathetic faces jerk with surprise, mouths shut—they snap into registering avid interest. The camera shifts slightly so as to take in the headlines of the *BOLSHEVIK*. Headline:

STRIKE!

WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

SCENE 38. A long line of similar groups of threes stretching indefinitely back to the left rear, each standing in front of their machines, each similarly absorbed in a small paper held inside a big one. Suddenly one of the workmen breaks ranks, he starts waving his arms about, he turns to face the line, he is evidently making a speech. The camera comes closer. The line coagulates to form a mob. They urge him up on one of the barrels. He climbs on one of the barrels, not up-ending it, still leaving it on its side.

SCENE 39. Close-up of the workman talking and gesticulating.

SCENE 40. Same as Scene 32. Inside of the foreman's cage. The foreman comes back into it from lunch. He shakes his fist toward the mob.

SCENE 41. View of the mob from the foreman's cage. Wild excitement. The mob is massed on one side of the speaker only, between him and the machines.

SCENE 42. Same as Scene 40. The foreman pulls the rope for the whistle.

SCENE 43. Same as Scene 33. The camera follows the rope in a blur of speed to the top of the building. The steam comes out of the whistle. It blows.

SCENE 44. The factory floor. The machines commence to move. The barrels that had stopped for lunch halfway across the floor commence to roll.

SCENE 45. The speaker speaking to the mob. The barrel on which he stands commences to roll along with the other barrels. He keeps his balance on it, treading it. The barrel rolls faster. The speaker gesticulates faster. The mob follows him up, keeping step. The speaker slips off, and they all rush toward the door.

Suddenly they all stop.

SCENE 46. Close-up. A policeman's STOP—GO traffic sign, the round disk swinging to STOP.

SCENE 47. The traffic sign, full view. Beside it, just in front of the doorway, stands a young man giving an illustrated magic-lantern lecture, a black slouch hat under his elbow, a gavel in his hand. He wears a clerical collar. With his left hand he indicates the magic-lantern screen, a great white screen above him on the wall of the factory. As he indicates it, flashes on—

SCENE 48. Still. A garland of branches, like a sugary picture post card. In the midst two doves with ribbons around their necks, the one CAPITAL, the other LABOR, and beneath a legend:

BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE

SCENE 49. The mob. They stand gaping open-mouthed.

SCENE 50. Same as Scene 48. The birds in their little nest agreeing. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 51. Same as Scene 47. The young man speaking as before. He concludes, makes a sweeping bow, takes up the traffic sign, tucks it under his arm, and exits out the door.

SCENE 52. The mob. They turn their individual and collective backs and troop back to work.

SCENE 53. Same as Scene 1. The factory in perfect order. The machines all going, the workmen working. This routine continues for some minutes. Presently along the floor in the foreground, from the direction of a door, comes a peculiar worm-like caterpillar, dragging its thread behind it. It approaches the leg of the nearest workman.

Sub-Title: THE TURNING WORM

SCENE 54. Close-up of the caterpillar, a perfectly real caterpillar. As it moves it lifts and waves its forepart, and occasionally it twists clean over, so that its body rotates as it goes forward like a screw. It comes to the workman's foot. It reaches up and jerks at the bottom of his trousers. No result. It jerks again.

SCENE 55. View of the workman working. He has not noticed the worm.

SCENE 56. Same as Scene 54. The worm jerks again.

SCENE 57. The workman notices, looks down, sees the worm. The camera follows his head down. The worm gives him some information. The workman listens—nods his head. He reaches for the cocoon thread the worm has been dragging, and commences to haul it in.

SCENE 58. The workman hauling it in. The thread is gathered in a great pile at his feet. He still hauls it in. Presently, sliding along the floor attached to the end of the thread comes a copy of the *BOLSHEVIK*. The workman picks it up.

SCENE 59. Close-up of the *BOLSHEVIK*. Headline:

THE WORM HAS TURNED!

SCENE 60. Instantly the entire line of workmen is seen, each with a similar tangle of piled thread beside him, each waving a similar paper in his hand, but the headline is STRIKE! Pandemonium. Some of the workmen rush from the factory.

SCENE 61. A workman rushing from the factory. The camera follows him out. He is yelling and waving the *BOLSHEVIK*. He goes through one of the doors. A captain of the army stands facing him. The captain makes a gesture with his hand, half like a magician's gesture, half like a military command. The paper is wafted out of the workman's hand, and disappears out of the picture to the upper right. The workman stands frozen in his final position. The captain makes another gesture and command. The workman comes to attention. The captain makes another gesture. The workman salutes and is dressed in olive drab. The captain makes a fourth gesture. The workman executes an about face. He has a gun with fixed bayonet. He stands on guard facing the door.

SCENE 62. An indefinite row of captains, each with a similar soldier in front of him, stretching to the left rear.

SCENE 63. Same as Scene 61. The next workman comes flying out the door. The soldier mechanically bayonets him, and deposits his body face downward on the floor. Another workman comes flying out. The soldier bayonets him, and deposits him on top of the first. The workmen come flying out faster and faster, the wall of bodies reaches to the soldier's head. He starts a new similarly neat wall in front of him. The wall rises on two sides of him, and shuts him out of sight. The workmen keep coming. The wall of already bayoneted bodies commences to roll stiffly in, and the soldier is overwhelmed.

SCENE 64. A space in front of the factory. Nothing can

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be seen but a limitless mob of tearing men, indefinitely rushing to the right out of the picture.

SCENE 65. A street scene, at the crossing of several streets. A solid churning crowd of men and women, filling the street in all directions, from the edge of one building to the next. Placards tossing about over the heads of the crowd, each a small square placard held up on a small pole, with the single word STRIKE.

SCENE 66. Another view of the same crowd. The crowd is turbulent, but with a kind of mechanical good humor. Almost every face wears the same kind of grin. Newsboys come pushing their way through the crowd. People buy newspapers.

SCENE 67. Close-up of three men standing reading a paper. The picture shows the back of the paper, with a large full-page ad: LOONY GAS IS *KIND* GAS.

SCENE 68. The front of the same paper. *THE DAILY BULL.* Headline: THE FACTORIES ARE WORKING FULL TIME.

SCENE 69. Close-up of a machine in the factory. A very large black spider very deliberately commences to spin a web connecting the arm of the machine with the floor.

SCENE 70. Another view of the street. A moving van backs up to the curb, and is unloaded of pile after pile of newspapers. They are flung out over the heads of the crowd.

SCENE 71. View of the crowd grabbing the papers.

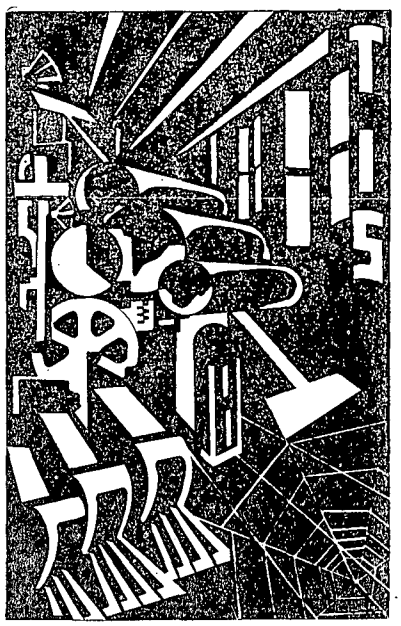
SCENE 72. Close-up of one of the papers in a man's hand. *THE BOLSHEVIK.* TENTH EDITION. Headline: STRIKE!

SCENE 73. Another. *THE BOLSHEVIK.* TWELFTH EDITION. Headline: NO COMPROMISE!

SCENE 74. Another. *THE BOLSHEVIK.* FIFTEENTH EDITION. Headline: CHEERS!

SCENE 75. Bolshevik headquarters. Same as Scene 26, but indescribably busy.

SCENE 76. The street again. The crowd scatters in all directions. A small tank is charging down the street, guns bristling out on all sides of it, charging the crowd, but not firing. The tank comes head-on through the picture.



SCENE 77. Another street scene with another tank.

SCENE 78. A third street scene with another.

SCENE 79. Bolshevik headquarters. Men frenziedly pounding the typewriters.

SCENE 80. Head-on view of the first tank. It is an ordinary rapidly moving caterpillar tank, but on each side, at the top-front, it has a huge round glass eye, like the compound eyes of an insect, or one of H. G. Wells's creations. The crowd is still in act of dividing in front of it, rushing to the right and left, each with one arm upraised, but individual workmen, each with the other arm upraised, and a copy of the *BOLSHEVIK* in it, are detaching themselves from the crowd and rushing in front of the tank.

SCENE 81. Close-up of one of the glass eyes. It looks something like an automobile lamp.

SCENE 82. Close-up of the *BOLSHEVIK* seen through the glass eye. It is a round view, through thick glass. Headline: STRIKE!

SCENE 83. Continued from Scene 80. The tank, and a workman thrusting the copy of the *BOLSHEVIK* in front of it. Instantly, and mechanically, like a broken jack-in-the-box, six soldiers, with their arms at their sides, pop up through as many doors in the top of the tank, three on each side, slanting outwards, and remain sticking three-quarters of the way up out of the tank. The tank stops. The soldiers are motionless. They fold their arms.

SCENES 84 to 89. Flashes of six street scenes one after another, each with tanks similarly on strike.

SCENE 90. Same as Scene 83. The soldiers still popped up rigid out of the first tank. The people on the street are joining hands, men and women, in an immense ring-around-the-rosy around the tank. They dance clockwise around the tank. Each man holds in his right hand the right hand of the woman in front of him, the men are all facing forward and out, the women forward and in. In the midst of the dance one of the soldiers unfolds his arms and taps the hip of the soldier in front of him. He gets no response. He taps again. No response. Gradually he extracts a large plug of chewing tobacco out of this soldier's back pants' pocket.

SCENE 91. Close-up of an enormous cheek, being distended, well satisfied, with an enormous plug. FADE-OUT.

Part III

Sub-Title: A STITCH IN TIME

SCENE 92. Same as Scene 9. The directors' room. The directors all registering deep dejection, some of them slumped in their chairs, the others pacing up and down with their hands behind their backs. Above the picture of President Coolidge is a small draped American flag.

SCENE 93. The camera drops down through the floor. The floor below, except for its scattered pieces of office furniture, is absolutely empty. The camera drops down to the floor below. This is also empty. The camera goes down through empty floor after floor with not a single sign of life, except that after six or eight floors there is one old scrub-woman very slowly mopping up. The camera goes slowly through eight or ten more floors and comes to the factory floor. An ample spider-web covers the whole of the nearest machine.

SCENE 94. Close-up of the web. Same as Scene 69. The same large black spider can be seen industriously spinning. The camera shifts a little. A female spider appears, slightly less large, surrounded by a whole host of baby spiders. The camera starts up again. It goes through empty floor after floor and comes to the old scrub-woman. Her mop is idle in her pail, her back is turned, her arms are folded, and on her back is pinned a large crudely printed sheet of paper:

ON STriKE

The camera starts up another floor and fades out.

SCENE 95. The directors' room, same as Scene 92.

SCENE 96. Close-up of the inside of the door of the directors' room. It is a large plain mahogany door, with a polished brass knob.

SCENE 97. Close-up of the upper part of the door, a fly settled on it. The door vibrates slightly, the fly being thrown off. It settles back. The door vibrates again. The fly settles back. The door vibrates a third time.

SCENE 98. The directors' room, same as Scene 95. The directors from where they stand or sit each turn toward the door, and their lips can be read saying "Come in." Enter a young man, the lecturer of Scene 47.

SCENE 99. Close-up of the young man. He walks to the table, shakes hands with the directors, raps for order with his gavel, and gesticulating suavely, commences to make a speech. FADE OUT AND INTO

SCENE 100. His speech. A rolling cloud of mist, in a

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frame like a Doré illustration. In the lower right-hand corner are the Bolsheviks, being driven down and out by a devil with a trident, horns, cloven hoof, and forked tail. The young man soars in on large white wings, his gavel in one hand and a glass of water in the other, ascends a rostrum and dispenses even-handed justice.

SCENE 101. Close-up. The young man, still in his wings, dispensing even-handed justice. Below at his left (the right of the picture) fades in one of the Bolsheviks—at his right fades in one of the directors—each with open imploring arms. The young man holds an enormous Kewpie doll. Judicially he considers, extending it toward each in turn. He places the doll on his stand, cuts it vertically in halves with a bread knife, weighs the halves on a small balance, and hands down one to each. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 102. The directors' room. Same as before. In an apparently continuous motion with the action at end of previous scene, also of Scene 99, the young man pours himself a glass of water and goes on with his speech. The directors applaud. The young man acknowledges with a graceful wave of the hand. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 103. Same as Scene 101. Continuation of the speech. Upside down on his reading-stand the young man lays his hat. He displays it—there is no fraud. Out of the hat he extracts an enormous hour-glass. He presses down on the top of the hour-glass. It collapses as though made of rubber—it becomes short and squat. He hands it down to the Bolshevik on his left.

SCENE 104. Close-up of the hour-glass. It is labeled SHORTER HOURS.

SCENE 105. Flash of the directors. Gravely they nod.

SCENE 106. Same as Scene 103. Continuation of the speech. Out of his hat the young man takes a silver dollar. He places the dollar on his stand. He covers it with his hand, raises his hand, and a column of dollars rises, mounting upward under his palm. The young man takes the column of dollars by the middle (it sticks together as though glued) and hands it down to the Bolshevik on his left.

SCENE 107. Close-up of the column of dollars. It is labeled HIGHER WAGES.

SCENE 108. Flash of the directors. They consult and nod again.

SCENE 109. Same as Scene 106. Continuation of the speech. Out of his hat the young man takes a money-bag—a typical round canvas money-bag, with a dollar-sign on the front. He places it on the stand. On each side of the bag he lays a hand. The bag commences to burgeon—it trebles its former size. The young man hands it down to the director on his right.

SCENE 110. Close-up of the money-bag. It is labeled BIGGER PROFITS.

SCENE 111. Flash of the directors. They are in wild applause.

SCENE 112. Out of his hat the young man takes a wreath.

SCENE 113. Close-up of the wreath. It has a valve like a bicycle tire. It is labeled BROTHERLY LOVE.

SCENE 114. The young man puts his mouth to the valve of the wreath, and blows. The wreath becomes enormous—in extent, but not in thickness. The young man beckons. The director and the Bolshevik float closer. The young man casts the wreath around their necks.

SCENE 115. Same as Scene 111. The table, with the directors in prolonged and vigorous applause. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 116. Same as Scene 114. Conclusion of the speech. The young man claps the hat on his head. It becomes a blinding halo. The stand, the Bolshevik, and the halo fade out, the directors fade in, and the scene becomes a continuation of Scene 102, with the young man talking to the directors. He concludes his speech (the directors applaud), he hands out printed slips.

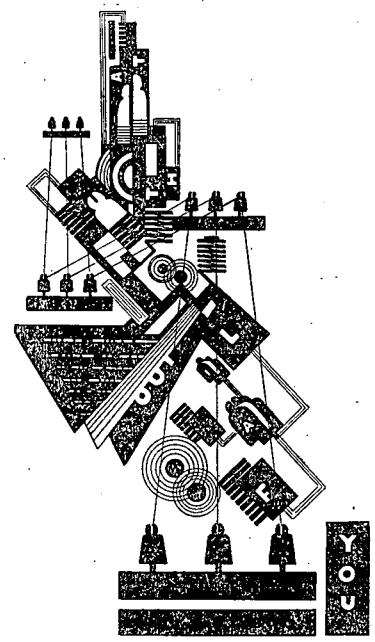
SCENE 117. Close-up of one of the slips, with a director's hand signing his name. The slip reads:

I WILL BE GOOD

the name signed—

J. P. MORGANFELLER

SCENE 118. Same as Scene 116. The directors' table, with each of the directors signing. The young man collects the pledges, shakes hands all around, and exits out the door. As soon as he has gone, one director leans over, puts his finger on his lips, and whispers to the others. Each director turns, reaches over to his right, and picks up a telephone.



SCENE 119. A fan of fifteen telephone wires stretching out from a large glass insulator on top of the skyscraper. The camera slides along the wires, which are twisted cord, and as it does so printed words jump in and out, but nothing intelligible: YOU and SEE THAT and ALL RIGHT and WITHOUT FAIL.

SCENE 120. A long narrow police station. Fifteen desk sergeants, at fifteen desks, nod and hang up their phones.

SCENE 121. Outside the police station, a building of gray stone. Through the open arched door head-on into the picture bursts a police-patrol auto, full of armed policemen, with policemen clinging solidly to the outside. The instant it has emerged, comes another precisely similar, and another, and another.

SCENE 122. The directors' room, same as Scene 118. Close-up to the window, with a director with opera-glasses looking out.

SCENE 123. View through the opera-glasses. Two round circles, through which appears:—the young man addressing the mob of strikers from the tail-end of a truck. A white cloth banner runs along the top of the truck:

COMMITTEE FOR PEACE AND GOOD-WILL

SCENE 124. Close-up of the young man. He is seen to be handing out all-day suckers to the mob.

SCENE 125. Close-up of his feet. He stands on a soap-box. It is labeled:

SOFT
SOAP

SCENE 126. Close-up of one of his hands. It holds forth a director's pledge-slip.

SCENE 127. Close-up of the pledge-slip:

I WILL BE GOOD

J. P. MORGANFELLER

SCENE 128. View of several members of the mob. They turn toward each other and consult.

SCENE 129. Close-up of two members of the mob consulting. One of them is deaf and dumb. The second shouts at him—the first man can not hear. The second shouts again—the first man can not hear. In desperation the second tries the deaf and dumb sign-alphabet. The first man rapidly nods. They both point and gesticulate toward the front.

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SCENE 130. Same as Scene 127. Close-up of the pledge-slip:

I WILL BE GOOD

J. P. MORGANFELLER

SCENE 131. Same as Scene 129. Close-up of the two men. They are still nodding and gesticulating.

SCENE 132. Same as Scene 128. Several members of the mob. They are all nodding and approving.

SCENE 133. General view of the mob. They line up—count off—squads right, and march off after the truck.

SCENE 134. Bird's-eye view of the mob. It is in column of eights. It marches after the truck.

SCENE 135. Close-up of an all-day sucker. IRIS DOWN AND OUT.

Sub-Title: THE COLD GRAY DAWN OF THE MORNING AFTER

SCENE 136. The street, same as Scene 134, only empty. Empty pop bottles and STRIKE banners are littered around.

SCENE 137. Same as Scene 121. Outside of the police station. Patrol autos still coming out.

SCENE 138. Roofs in the factory district just before sunrise. A forest of flag-poles with flags. Each flag is of solid color (red). Suddenly up each pole goes a policeman shinning. They all go up together. They reach the tops. They take down the red flags.

Insert: CAME DAWNING

Sunlight appears behind the roofs—the sun rises very rapidly about fifteen degrees, and stops.

SCENE 139. A street corner. Up from the left at an immense rate of speed comes a patrol-wagon, turns, and sweeps off to the right. The instant it has passed comes another, and another, and another.

SCENE 140. Bolshevik headquarters, same as Scene 79.

SCENE 141. Same as Scene 16. Street in front of Bolshevik headquarters. The patrol-wagons drive head-on through the picture, and stop. The policemen leap out.

SCENE 142. Same as Scene 140. Bolshevik headquarters. Through a door at the right front come the patrolmen. They pour into the room. They fill it full. Policemen with drawn revolvers stand solidly against all the walls. Four grab each Bolshevik. One cop holds each hand, one each leg, and they carry the men face downward through the door and down the stairs.

SCENE 143. The stairs. A concrete office-building stairs, going indefinitely up and down; a yellow oak railing and uprights of square green bronze. The stairs is in somewhat dim light, lit on the stairs (not at the landing) by one small square window for each floor. Winding down the stairs come the prisoners, each stretched like a frog between four policemen. The scene holds until the last office boy has been carried down.

SCENE 144. Outside on the pavement. An endless rank of patrol-wagons backed against the curb. The Bolsheviks are brought out, stood on their feet, and placed back to back in rectangular formation, two wide and eight deep. Two cops commence baling them up like a bale of cotton—winding a stout hemp rope around all of them as a unit: neck, chest, arms, thighs, and feet. They are loaded as a solid block into one of the patrol-wagons, which immediately drives off. The office boys are similarly brought down, baled, and loaded. One office boy gets one arm out, which he holds straight up and waves around.

SCENE 145. The patrol-wagons going back through the streets. Eight or ten wagons of armed patrolmen—the patrolmen leaning out and pointing revolvers out like a hedge in all directions. Then two patrol-wagons with the two bales of prisoners, policemen with drawn revolvers glaring desperately around hanging on the outside. Then more wagons of policemen glaring desperately around.

SCENE 146. The directors' room. Same as Scene 98. Into the room from the right comes a uniformed office boy, in tight-buttoned blue A. D. T. blouse with large brass buttons. He carries a stack of newspapers on his arms.

SCENE 147. Close-up of the office boy walking forward with his papers. The camera mounts up over the papers and looks down on them from above. Headline:

STRIKE CLOUDS WANE

SCENE 148. Same as Scene 134. Bird's-eye view of the marching column. The Loony Consolidated Gas Company has been reached. The truck containing the young man drives through the door. In endless files the workers follow it in.

SCENE 149. Same as Scene 146. The directors' room, the directors reading their papers. The door opens. Enter the young man.

SCENE 150. Close-up of the young man walking forward toward the table. A hand appears in the picture. It takes the young man by the ear, and turns him around the other way. A foot appears in the picture. It hits the young man in the seat of the pants and hoists him into the air.

SCENE 151. An open window. Top floor of the Loony Consolidated Gas building, seen from the outside. The young man, feet and arms out, comes flying through the window, and through the picture. Instantly window, stonework, the whole side of the building whizz up. A panorama of the side of the building unrolls up. Heads are stuck out of windows and disappear—birds shoot upward, looking curiously down.

SCENE 152. The same. Background as above, but farther out. The young man is seen, falling through the air, wriggling like a spider. He cups his mouth with his hands, and shouts at a head in a window.

SCENE 153. Close-up of the head in the window, cupping ears, listening.

Caption: "ALL RIGHT SO FAR!"

SCENE 154. Same as Scene 151. Panorama of the building.

SCENE 155. The directors' room, same as Scene 149. The directors still reading their papers.

SCENE 156. Close-up of the back of a paper. Full-page ad:

LOONY GAS IS *SUCCESSFUL* GAS

SCENE 157. Panorama of the passing building.

SCENE 158. The column of marching men. Bird's-eye view from quite high. It is still marching into the building. Its end has not appeared.

SCENE 159. Panorama of the passing building.

SCENE 160. Same as Scene 148. The street. Entrance to the Loony Consolidated Gas Company building. The column still marching in. Its tail appears, and the last ranks march steadily into the building. The last worker disappears.

SCENE 161. Closer up to the entrance. An aged white-wing, with brush and round barrel cart, is picking up the cigarette butts. Down through the center of the picture in an indistinguishable rush shoots the young man. He hits the pavement and flattens out into a large blot. The pavement tips up for a moment to display the blot. It is a super-size, conventionalized ink blot. The aged white-wing, going about his business, finally gets to the blot, dusts it up, and puts it in his cart.

SCENE 162. Close-up of the barrel cart. IRIS DOWN AND OUT.

Part IV

Sub-Title: THE HAPPY ENDING

SCENE 163. Same as Scene 1. The factory in full blast, only if possible more noisy and frenzied. To the right, through one of the open doorways, comes a line of ten or fifteen men in wide trousers and short blacksmiths' aprons. A barrel shoots over them and rolls them all out flat.

Through the door comes flying a folded paper.

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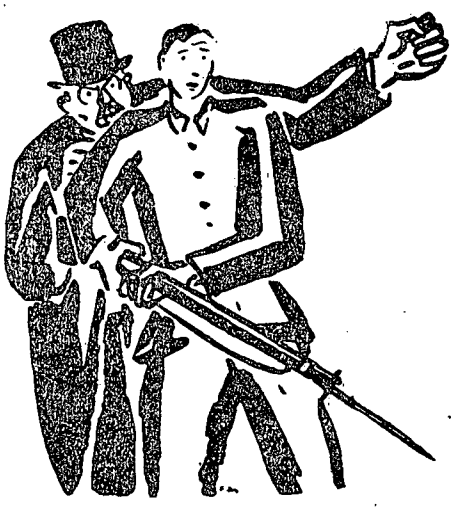
France's Dangerous Adventure

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, August 8

THERE has been a change for the worse in the Moroccan policy of the French Government since the rising of Parliament. In the first place they have yielded to Nationalist clamor and begun legal proceedings against some Communists, including a Deputy, M. Doriot, for inciting soldiers to disobedience in An Appeal to Sailors and Soldiers issued by them. There is little doubt that the persons prosecuted have committed a legal offense, for the appeal called on soldiers to revolt, throw down their arms, and fraternize with the followers of Abd-el-Krim, but it does not follow that the Government is wise in taking such action, especially since the appeal has had no effect and is most unlikely to have any.

The appeal was chosen as the ground of the prosecution because no other is available. Since France is not technically and legally at war with Abd-el-Krim, there can be no "intelligence with the enemy" or offense of that kind. The prosecution is a silly business, and its effect is likely to be the opposite of that presumably desired by the Government. Opposition to the war is still allowed free expression. Meetings of protest continue to be held, and *l'Humanité* continues with impunity daily to demand peace with Abd-el-Krim and the evacuation of Morocco.



Drawing by Frans Masereel in *Clarté*

To Morocco—

This is a much less serious matter than the only too evident capitulation of the Government to the generals, who are having it all their own way. The generals declare that French "prestige" requires that Abd-el-Krim should be crushed before peace is made, and there is too much reason to believe that the Government has now accepted that view. The terms of peace offered by France and Spain to Abd-el-Krim are very different from what they were semi-officially represented as being. Indeed the press and the public have been deceived in this matter. We were told that autonomy was to be granted to the Riff, but it now appears that the "autonomy" is accompanied by the conditions that the civil officials are to be Spaniards and the local police force is to be staffed by French officers! There are other humiliating conditions, such as the entry of French and Spanish troops into the Riffian capital as a sign of Abd-el-Krim's submission. It is not surprising that the French and Spanish governments have refused to make their terms public. Had they been known before Parliament rose, the attitude of the Socialists and a great part of the Radicals would have been very different. It was on the strength of M. Painlevé's declaration that the Riff was to be granted autonomy that the Socialists abstained from voting against the Moroccan credits. Now the Socialists—a little late—have, in conjunction with the Spanish Socialists and the British Labor Party, come out for complete independence for the Riff.

It is impossible that the French and Spanish governments could have supposed for a moment that Abd-el-Krim would accept the terms offered him, and it is, therefore, difficult to avoid the conclusion that they do not sincerely want peace. I am inclined to think that the policy of the Government has changed. M. Painlevé undoubtedly at first desired to end this business as soon as possible, but I fear that he has been got hold of by the generals, who have much more to do with the disastrous policy now being adopted than bankers or capitalists. Military ascendancy is always the danger in France. It is most unfortunate that the Prime Minister is also Minister of War. Moreover, the Quai d'Orsay, with its usual insistence on juridical technicalities, has declared that it is impossible to negotiate with a "rebel," with whom France is not legally at war. Terms must be imposed on him. Unfortunately neither Spain, which has been beaten by Abd-el-Krim, nor France, which has not yet beaten him, is in a position to impose terms, so this simply means that the war must go on. French lives are to be sacrificed to a technicality. For the sake of "prestige" France is embarked on what may prove a disastrous adventure. M. Painlevé has declared, no doubt on military advice, that it will take two months at most to crush Abd-el-Krim. I cannot forget that on August 1, 1914, the French military authorities said that it would take three months to defeat Germany, even if England remained neutral.

In my opinion the French Government has now put itself entirely in the wrong. If Spain refused to grant independence to the Riff, it was madness to agree not to make peace without Spanish consent. France will now be obliged to go on fighting to maintain the Spanish protectorate. For France will do all the fighting. This is a heavy price to pay for the permission to pursue Abd-el-Krim into the Riff, for which M. Painlevé, by the way, declared in the Chamber of Deputies that the French Government had no intention of asking. There is, however, some reason to believe that Spain is now more ready to negotiate with Abd-el-Krim than is France, for Abd-el-Krim is willing to agree to the annexation by Spain of the Ceuta and Melilla zones, somewhat enlarged, in return for the complete independence of the rest of the Riff territory. Such an arrangement would require the consent of the other signatory powers of the Treaty of Algeciras, but the only one likely to object is England, and English objections might be overcome. The British Government would put itself in a very invidious position if it prevented peace being arrived at.

By an amusing mistake the correspondent of the *Matin* at Tetuan in a dispatch published in that paper on August 5,

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which gave what purported to be the Franco-Spanish peace terms, included in them this proposal about the Ceuta and Melilla zones. Naturally, France and Spain have never thought of such a proposal and the terms published in the *Matin* were in fact a mixture of some of those proposed by Abd-el-Krim and some of those offered by France and Spain. It is a very clever move on Abd-el-Krim's part to offer this compensation to Spain for the loss of the Spanish protectorate over the Riff and the offer has greatly disconcerted the Quai d'Orsay. Abd-el-Krim has also shown his cleverness and his desire for peace by refusing to receive the Franco-Spanish peace terms officially. He has learned what they are unofficially through two emissaries whom he sent to Tetuan, where they saw General Primo de Rivera, and, since he would be obliged to refuse them, he has avoided an official communication to avert a rupture and leave the door open for negotiations. It is now clear that, if Abd-el-Krim ever had the intention attributed to him by the Communists of trying to drive the French out of Morocco, he has it no longer. He has said categorically that the only condition on which he insists is the independence of the Riff and, if the war continues, it will not be his fault.

For the moment public opinion seems, strangely enough, to be calmer than it was a few weeks ago, when the situation was much less critical. The Radicals seem to have accepted war in Morocco. At any rate the *Quotidien*, which a few weeks ago was daily demanding peace with Abd-el-Krim, is now silent. The Socialist leaders have contented themselves with a resolution demanding the independence of the Riff and are making no attempt actively to oppose the war. Meanwhile, it is noteworthy that M. Briand seems anxious to evade as far as possible responsibility for the Moroccan policy of the Government. He never speaks about the subject and has left M. Painlevé almost the sole control even of the negotiations with Spain. M. Briand always knows which way the wind is blowing.

The present calm is deceptive. If the great offensive against Abd-el-Krim does not succeed or involves heavy losses, the calm may be suddenly broken. It is a characteristic of the French that they will put up with a lot until a given moment, when they suddenly burst out and smash everything. Even the *Echo de Paris*, ardently as it advocates war to the bitter end, is constrained to admit that the peasants are quite indifferent to the fate of Morocco and that the country generally is not in a mood to make sacrifices for such a cause. The appeal of the Government for volunteers has met with almost no response, except from a group of American aviators. It is a pity that, when America does intervene in European affairs, it is usually to help us to make war, but, of course, the present intervention is quite unofficial. M. Painlevé is, in effect, gambling on the chance that everything will be over by the beginning of October; but what if he is disappointed? Unless the offensive is decisive, I do not see how the Government can avoid mobilizing some of the reserves—the military authorities, it is understood, already consider it to be necessary—and then there is likely to be an upheaval.

Meanwhile, another little war has broken out in Syria. As usual, all the news that we get in France, except vague official communiqués, comes from the English press, and it suggests that the situation in Syria is much graver than is officially admitted. The matter is complicated by the political controversy about General Sarrail. The *Echo de Paris* asserts that he and a certain Captain Carbillet, whom General Sarrail appointed governor of the Djebel Druse, have caused the revolt by their harsh treatment of the Druses. But the *Echo de Paris* has consistently attacked General Sarrail merely because he is a Republican and a Freemason, so it is not an impartial witness. Nevertheless, the facts or alleged facts that it gives require an answer. Instead of refuting them, the press of the Left merely says that General Sarrail must be in the right because he is a Republican and a Freemason. General Sarrail saved Verdun during the battle of the Marne and was very badly treated by Marshal Joffre, but that does not prove that he is a good governor of a colony.

The Government declares that the forces in Syria are amply sufficient to deal with the situation, but it made the same declaration about Morocco until it became impossible to make it any longer. Should reinforcements become necessary in Syria, as is at least possible, it is hard to see where the Government will find them without calling up reserves, unless the Rhineland be evacuated. The inhabitants of Syria objected from the first to being put under French control, and nothing is more likely than that they might seize the opportunity of revolting against it when France is occupied in Morocco, especially as the majority of them are Mohammedans.

The French people, lulled by a complaisant press, have no idea of the dangerous possibilities that may lurk in the adventure into which they are being dragged. It is to be feared that they may have a rude awakening.

Paris, August 12

Since I wrote four days ago, Abd-el-Krim has taken the important step of sending to Tetuan an envoy, who has officially informed General Primo de Rivera that Abd-el-Krim is ready to negotiate on the sole condition that the independence of the Riff is guaranteed in advance.

The situation is therefore now quite clear. Peace can be made if independence be granted to the Riff and, if France and Spain now continue the war, it will be only for the purpose of preventing the Riff from becoming independent. I doubt whether the French people, to whom the independence of the Riff is a matter of complete indifference, will consent to continue the war for such an object. Plainly, it is now the duty of the French and Spanish governments to negotiate with Abd-el-Krim on the basis mentioned, and, if they refuse, they will be solely responsible for the consequences of their refusal, including the sacrifice of French lives and treasure in a bad cause.

Alcaeus to the Tenth Muse

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

Pour mixed juices of lime and pomegranate,
Frost the goblet until white wraiths of vapor
Cloud the edges like veils, elusive, fragrant,
Blown from a woman . . .

Harken, Sappho, who leaped to the Aegean,
Mad with passion for one not called Alcaeus:
Fiery nectar in token of your kisses . . .
Bitter libation!

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Crude Sugar; Refined Politics

By FRITZ KUNZ

[*This article was sent in manuscript form to Governor Farrington on June 8 with a letter asking for his comment; no answer has been received.*—Editor *The Nation.*]

IN Hawaii our politics are white and refined, though our sugar is crude and brown. Some of the smooth, white, refined politics have lately been on view.

In September, 1922, Governor Wallace R. Farrington appointed a new Attorney General, an appointment confirmed at the next session of the local Senate in 1923, the Governor having thus acted "with the advice and consent of the Senate," as the organic act constituting the Territory provides. The Governor (perhaps from laboring in the Royal Palace and imbibing imperialism from its walls) believed that he was establishing in office his personal assistant in the chief law officer, John A. Mathewman; Mr. Mathewman, singularly enough, regarded himself as one of several executives constituting the government, with definite powers laid down by the law, a tribune of all the people. In his innocence he proceeded with his work of rendering opinions upon cases which came before him, looking forward to the four years of office which the statute provides, if he interpreted the law truly and well for all people, little brown laborers of the sugar plantations and the big crude sugar magnates alike. (Crude is an adjective modifying sugar, if you please; big applies to the magnates.)

Mr. Farrington, alas for him, did not know what human dynamite he was seating at the Attorney General's desk; that in that short, solid, sun-burned figure, with its big, legal head, quizzical and humorous eyes, and precise, deliberate speech from an exactly set jaw, resided no complaisant boon companion of the Daugherty-Fall sort, ready at a moment's notice to render convenient opinions, but a rather out-of-fashion and exceedingly rare public servant whom nothing would deter from duty.

Mr. Farrington delights in talk about law observance, especially as regards the Eighteenth Amendment. When Mr. Mathewman hinted at certain possible lapses in observance on the part of the Governor relations became strained. Mr. Farrington was a considerable shareholder in the *Star-Bulletin,* besides being influential with the *Advertiser,* another newspaper of Honolulu. He sold his interest in the *Star-Bulletin* when he became Governor, but the stock is said to be held for him to buy back when he is ready to take it. Mr. Mathewman pointed out that the *Star-Bulletin* publishers got a non-competitive contract for printing amounting to $11,000, although the law provides that all contracts for more than $1,000 should be given on competition. Again, in anticipation of the consent of the legislature and contrary to local statutes, according to Mr. Mathewman, Governor Farrington appointed the Audit Company of Hawaii to the lucrative job of investigating accounts in the Tax Office.

Nor was it only the Governor himself who found the law officer difficult. Mr. Mathewman established the fact that large areas of public domain were held at absurdly low rentals, and illegally, by big financial interests. The latter did not like his saying so. Our sugar may be crude in Hawaii, but let us be pleasant fellow-members of the same clubs and avoid unpleasant topics. And then again the political powers are in the habit of raising millions of dollars from Wall Street interests at 5 per cent and better, for public improvements, well ahead of the time of beginning the bridges and roads and all that. The Hawaiian banks receive this money and hold it at 2 per cent interest for the Territory, lending it at 7 and 8 per cent. The difference is what the banks make. How simple is finance!

Other interesting episodes arose out of the question of constitutional guaranties and civil rights for Filipinos. On the one side the big interests, crude as to sugar, smooth and white as to politics and race. With them one Cayetano Ligot, commissioner of Philippine labor, representing in Hawaii the benign and portly figure of General Leonard Wood. On the other side of the stage observe Pablo Manlapit, magnetic leader of labor causes among the Filipinos of Hawaii, an agitator of red tint and spiritually a child of Lenin and Trotzky. Put in a few labor operatives and investigators following Señor Manlapit. We see Filipino laborers recruited from their homes by the beneficent sugar companies who have such a hard time making their percentages, even with the help of cheap public lands. The laborers are ideally housed, well paid, and in heaven. But the ignorant fellows are always wanting something more, thanks to the pestilential agitator Manlapit.

Late in 1923 Francis Wright, part Hawaiian, was murdered in a crap-shooting brawl. A number of Filipinos were tried. Various sentences, among them several long terms and two of capital punishment. The cases came before the Attorney General for opinion, as to whether the Governor could and should pardon. In the state of the law Mr. Mathewman recommended full pardon for two of the long-term convicts because he thought the evidence insufficient; in the state of the law he thought Juan Timbal and Maximo Felias should hang as the court had decreed, for this was a case of the most brutal form of murder. Now it happened that just then the Filipino strike was brewing; coincidently the Governor felt pity for the condemned men; and at the same time Señor Ligot, in *loco parentis* for Leonard Wood to local Filipinos, among others petitioned for clemency; sentences of death were commuted in the two cases and pardons were issued to others. Thus Señor Ligot was starred as the friend of the Filipino.

But the ungrateful laborers went on to demand an eight-hour day and all that sort of thing. The strike started on Oahu in April, 1924. It had incidents which called for the interposition of the Attorney General, who persisted in his usual fashion in observing the law, taking the lead from the Governor's own words. A Mr. de la Cruz was held for fifty-two days because of incendiarism in a cane-field fire at Waipahu, but no charge was preferred against him. Mr. Mathewman's interposition liberated him, and thus strengthened the constitutional guaranty that no man shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law.

The strike went on, and the strikers were denied the right of assembly. This irked the Attorney General. Mr. Mathewman considered how he might justly bring forward

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the rights of assembly which even Filipinos are supposed to have. So he wrote an opinion for the benefit of his subordinate, the County Attorney on Kauai, where the strike had now spread, setting forth the constitutional guaranties, showing the right of peaceable assembly, and also defining the lawful limits of such assembly. Presently, in the midst of the strike on Kauai, there was armed violence. As usual, the story is confused; it has some singular incidents, and reporters independent of both parties are reluctant to commit themselves to a straight account. But this much is sure: four of the police were killed and in their turn (or before) they killed sixteen strikers.

Crude sugar had endured enough. Mr. Mathewman must go. What is the use of an Attorney General who thinks Filipinos have the right of peaceable assembly? The Governor had also had enough. As heir to the traditions of Kamehameha the Great, how could he suffer the presence of a law officer whose views of publicity are so definite as to compel him to leave the Governor's Cabinet (August, 1924, while remaining Attorney General) in protest against a hush-hush policy. Mr. Mathewman declined to resign, but once more the example of Kamehameha driving his enemies over Nuuanu Pali stood the Governor in good stead. A complaisant legislature put Mr. Mathewman out of office unheard in his own defense. Curiously enough, when this gift of a head on a charger was made to the Governor, certain venerable Senators got appointments for their friends upon the Board of the Department of Public Instruction. An expensive coincidence for Hawaii.

And so all seemed quiet on Waikiki Beach. President Coolidge took the unusual step of reappointing Mr. Farrington six months before the Governor's term expired; and the Senate, taking what seems to have been the right of its successor, confirmed him in office. So he "sits pretty." But the question arises whether more has not been done for civil rights in Hawaii by Mr. Mathewman's removal than for the noble and uplifting cause of crude sugar. We will leave it there for the favored ones to consider. Just a month after they had had their way, the Senate was a scene of uproar and recrimination. And the end is not yet. When the favored ones fall out, the civil rights of crude brown men are likely to have an inning at the expense of even the more precious crude brown sugar.

A Night in Mexico

By WITTER BYNNER

From somewhere over the houses, through the late night,
Come windy ripples of music;
Somewhere there's a lover in the street,
Somewhere, behind a dark window, a girl
Smiling into her pillow. . . .
Is it yonder, over the cobblestones?
A shuttered corner comes nearer, nearer;
Till now, by the very curb,
The unseen night stands breathing
A blackness of bass-viol and cello
And a faint moonlight of violins . . .
And in the last ray
The shadow of a bird leaves its perch for a smaller twig,
And a candle is lighted and put out again.

In the Driftway

AT the regular convention in October the Bishops of the Episcopal Church will discuss a weighty question: Shall they or shall they not officially insist that the word "obey" be included in the marriage service? The Drifter cannot prophesy what the godly gentlemen will decide; it may be that no wife, henceforth, need publicly promise to obey her husband; it may be that the young women who desire to omit the fatal word from their marriage vows will have to be joined in matrimony by a mere Methodist. The Drifter does not think that the marriages of the future will suffer either way. The brides who object to the whole idea of obedience can, if they look in a standard concordance of the Bible, find sixty-nine instances of the use of the word "obey"; men and women are enjoined to obey the voice of their God, the dominions obey him, even the winds and the sea, the winds and the waters; children must obey their parents, servants their masters, unclean spirits even are obedient to the voice of Jehovah. The idea of obeying is an old one.

* * * * *

WITH such a series of precedents it may be that some reluctant young ladies will be won over to the idea that obedience, after all, is a very common social observance. But others will still object; precedents mean nothing to them. And for their benefit the Drifter has taken the trouble to investigate the etymology of the word. What, after all, is this obey? Does it mean to bow in the dust, to cringe at the frown, to fly at the word of command? It does not. It comes from a simple Latin prefix meaning before or near; and the verb *audire* which any first-year Latin student can tell you means nothing more dangerous than to hear. To hear near, to hear before, to listen to; this, the Drifter believes, is a definition that might be generally accepted in order to put an end to an old controversy. What young wife would dare assert that she did not wish to listen to her husband? Wives always listen; they hear, if they do not heed; words penetrate their ears if they do not touch their hearts. They listen in the morning before breakfast, while the unwilling brush lathers the obstinate chin; they listen in the evening, over the soup, before the fish, all around the dessert; they listen as the night grows darker, as the hours lengthen, as the clock is wound, and the cat put down cellar. And frequently they listen when they would rather sleep.

* * * * *

THIS being the case—and what wife will deny it?—there is obviously no reason why the word "obey" should be a stumbling-block to any union.. The Drifter has little use for those gentlemen who cynically argue that it is the women who exact the obedience, who in their subtle, underhand way impose their will without seeming to do so, without, indeed, disturbing the complaisance of the gentleman they wish to coerce. The matter is softer than that: it is merely a question of listening. Let us redefine obey and allow the clergymen to do their worst. Feminine honor may be maintained without the sacrifice of a single cherished precedent. Or is the Drifter, in his meddling way, only making matters more painful? Listening can be powerful tedious. The Drifter can call to mind persons whose commands he would bow to a thousand times before he would listen to them for an hour.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

We Couldn't Fool Him

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You doubtless thought you could bewilder or fool your Gentile readers by that stanza reprinted in the original Yiddish from the Jewish humorous weekly the *Big Stick*. But I, for one, could translate it and translate it into verse (and, too, without the assistance of my tailor from Odessa or my green grocer from Warsaw). Here it is in your idiom and mine:

Sixty years has now Miss Nation,
But fresh she is and young yet;
And Dame Reaction trembles
Before her caustic tongue yet.

I hope you'll print it, if only for the benefit of my many Jewish friends, the Jacksons and Bennetts and Sydneys, who have so pitiably forgotten the quaint homely speech of their cradle songs.

Madison, Wis., August 24 WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Gettysburg

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The review in *The Nation*, June 17, of General Maurice's "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier" contains by implication a military justification of the Confederate assault participated in by Pickett's division and other troops of Lee's army on the third day of the Battle of Gettysburg. Furthermore, the review cites Colonel Haskell's narrative as evidence of fault in the preparations to receive the attack and of thinness of "the blue line that held the heights upon which depended the fate of the Union."

I have been familiar with Colonel Haskell's classic of civil-war literature for many years and know of no statement of his warranting the conclusion that only a thin blue line was prepared to receive the Confederate assault. His reference to the matter is expressly limited to the troops of the Second Corps, to which he belonged. On the staff of a general who during the battle commanded a division or temporarily a corps, Colonel Haskell would not be familiar with troop movements made by the army commander except as he saw them or their results, or learned of them from others. Several times he wrote of the limitation of his vision, admirable as his narrative is in many respects.

Lee's preparations for this assault were plainly seen on the Union line as early as ten o'clock in the morning. The cannonade did not begin until one o'clock, and the assault not until three o'clock. In preparation for it Meade's chief of artillery placed on Cemetery Ridge as many batteries as the ground would hold. From Round Top General Meade for a while watched the massing of Lee's troops. On the evening before he had said to Colonel Haskell's chief, General Gibbon, that the next assault would be upon the center, the Second Corps. General Meade ordered Slocum on the extreme right to send all the troops he could spare for reinforcement of the threatened point. In addition, one division of the First Corps, two brigades of the Sixth Corps, five brigades of the Third Corps, besides other troops, were hurried to the reinforcement of the point where it was obvious that the attack would strike.

The Union cavalryman Brigadier General Taylor told me that General Meade personally ordered him to post a cavalry regiment in rear of all the troops at the center and to shoot any skulkers refusing to return to the front. General Meade knew that the configuration of his line enabled him to bring reserve troops from all parts of his army, as he actually did, before the Confederate advance, across a wide valley and in the face of a devastating fire, could reach his front. To have massed his reserves behind the threatened center at an earlier hour would have subjected them to Lee's artillery fire, which it is well known was so high as to go over the front line in considerable measure. Haskell suggests that Lee thought the Union troops were so massed and thus accounts for the elevation of the Confederate fire.

The assault of Pickett, Pettigrew, Perry, and Wilcox on that July afternoon never had the slightest chance of success, because of the preparations made to meet it. The farther these troops went the worse off they would be. Had they more than dented Meade's line at the place of Haskell's activity and observation, behind the Second Corps line were the blue reserve masses to take them in front, on both flanks and in the rear, a disaster even greater than that which occurred.

General Meade thought that Lee's best operation would be a movement around the Union left. That, it was subsequently learned, was Longstreet's advice to Lee. Meade declared that it was sound military sense. Had Lee accepted the suggestion there would have been no third-day battle at Gettysburg; Meade would have fallen into his chosen Pipe Creek line, where his engineers had chosen positions for all of the army corps, and Lee would then have had the choice of fighting with no advantage in his favor or of returning to Virginia. By the end of the second day at Gettysburg he had learned that he was not opposed by a Hooker, a Burnside, or a Pope. His excitement, which Longstreet observed, would probably have subsided, and he could have repeated his retirement made from Antietam in the previous year with no great loss of prestige and with less loss to his army than was caused by the militarily foolish third assault at Gettysburg.

It is probable that it was to the anticipation by Meade of a movement around his left that Colonel Haskell referred in attributing to the army commander the thought that Lee's attack would be on the left, for Meade's remark to Gibbon that if Lee assaulted again it would be on Gibbon's front in the center is established by the statement of General Gibbon himself.

General Maurice's chapter heading The Second Invasion of Maryland, meaning the Gettysburg campaign, is indicative of a state of mind characteristic of most English military critics who have written about the Civil War, Atkinson and Redway being notable exceptions.

Ardmore, Pennsylvania, July 4 ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

Are Profits the Cause of War?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial Seven Years After, dealing with Bernard M. Baruch's fund for investigating war profiteering, skims too lightly, it seems to me, over the magnificent hope held out that thus we may end all war. It is so announced; and you do say that the certainty of conscripting capital along with human life "would have a profoundly depressive effect on the whole phenomenon of jingoism and militarism." Perhaps. But would it remove the causes—or even a main cause—of war?

The economic sources of war lie in rivalry for profits before the drums begin to beat. Out of tariffs, special privileges, the exploitation of weak "backward" countries arise those frictions which generate the spark in the powder magazine. It is the competition, not for war profits, but for peace-time markets, raw materials, trade routes, backed by the armies and navies of those countries whose nationals are competitors, which oftenest provokes modern wars, even though they be ostensibly to make the world safe for democracy.

It is true that our packers and coal operators and textile manufacturers and steel men profited hugely from the World War. But who of them knew that seventeen of our forty-

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five woolen and worsted mills would earn more than 100 per cent on their capital stock? If they knew, what was the form their jingoism took? Did they set Germany and France at each other's throats? Did they cause the war? Or, once Europe was embroiled, did they shove us into the cockpit?

The attractive and sentimental notion that prospective war profiteers cause wars has been exploded. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Baruch subscribes to it. Possibly the announcement was so worded without his approval, as a bit of ill-advised ballyhoo for publicity. To mobilize our industry on a profitless basis in case war comes would be admirable. But it would not prevent war from coming.

Sound Beach, Connecticut, July 24 SILAS BENT

Why They Stop Their Subscriptions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish you would stop sending *The Nation* to me. I have enjoyed reading it for quite a number of years, but I am afraid that I am getting too liberal in my thinking.

Sauk Center, Minnesota, April 25 B. F. DUBOIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reason I have discontinued my subscription to *The Nation* originates from the biased, slanderous campaign conducted by *The Nation* against the actual government at Italy, the best government Italy ever had since its unification in 1870.

New York, May 15 P. TOMASELLI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a matter of regret that I am unable to continue my subscription to your valuable paper. Hope to renew next year. You have done some fine work and your exposition of the modern problems which confront us is most admirable. But I must remind you of the affront to decency which your sex articles occasioned. We welcome free discussion, but such special pleas as you featured in your paper are surely subversive of the best standards of married life. Some of the articles were excellent, but others were merely pleas for indecency.

Kelso, Washington, April 25 W. W. SWITZER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our limited funds do not permit of our subscribing to all the magazines we would like to have. Though we appreciate the value of *The Nation*, we are obliged to subscribe only to those magazines pertaining to public health. We were especially interested in the series of articles New Morals for Old, and entered our subscription to cover that series.

New York, May 3 MARY CASAMAJOR,
Librarian, National Health Library

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find *The Nation* consistently unfair in its treatment of matters pertaining to Soviet Russia.

Rolling Bay, Washington, May 8 R. L. JOHNSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Kindly erase our name from your list. Russians should be your only subscribers.

Chicago, May 25 (MRS.) H. C. SWEETEN

Poe and His Contemporaries

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In spite of the research of three-quarters of a century the life of Poe is still a mystery, and we know with certainty neither the date of his birth nor the cause of his death. Since *The Nation* has for years been a medium for such Poe scholars as Whitty and Campbell, may I not be permitted to say a few words on the editorial Wayward Genius, appearing in the issue of July 8?

Although I have long been a worshiper at the shrine of Edgar Allan Poe, I am willing to concede the general justice of the editorial opinion; it may, however, not be hair-splitting pedantry to take exception to the ambiguous phrase, "hated and neglected by his contemporaries," which implies that Poe's contemporaries were unanimous in this hate and neglect.

It is true that Rufus W. Griswold and Thomas Dunn English were Poe's bitter enemies, and Poe undoubtedly made many other enemies among the literary nonentities of his day; but, hate him never so greatly, his contemporaries could neither neglect nor ignore him, and he had many friends.

The Saturday after Poe's death, and within a week of Griswold's ill-timed attack, N. P. Willis came to the defense with an article in the *Home Journal*, during the course of which he referred to "a friendship of five or six years" with Poe. George Graham, another fellow-editor of Poe's, pronounced "unfair and untrue" the Griswold portrait of "the character of our lost friend." It is obvious that Poe was not completely without friends, and that the "whitewashing" of his character began immediately after the Griswold attack.

Mrs. Whitman, to whom Poe was engaged shortly before his death, devoted her life to the defense of his memory, and rendered great service to early biographers of the "whitewash school." Her important essay, Edgar Poe and His Critics, was reprinted by Haldeman-Julius under the misleading title Was Poe Immoral? (Little Blue Book No. 144.)

It is not generally realized that Poe was one of the earliest vers-librists, but careful study of such poems in cadenced prose as Shadow: A Parable reveals him as a precursor of Whitman. Much more generally recognized is the fact that Baudelaire's translations of Poe's verse into French prose had an important formative influence on the nascent vers-libre of the Imagists.

It is not Poe's contemporaries and immediate successors in America who have ignored him, but rather the intelligentsia of the early twentieth century. Let us by all means reconsider our estimates of Poe, not only as a man but as a forerunner of more important things than the work of Conan Doyle and A. K. Greene.

Mount Vernon, Iowa, July 20 DAVID FULLER ASH

Barnet Braverman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issues of July 31 and August 6, 1924, you published a notice stating that I was representing myself as a correspondent of *The Nation* in Austria. When in Paris recently mention was made to me of this notice, and now that I am back in the United States I want to prevent further annoyance by a statement of the facts:

1. At the time your informant wrote (June, 1924) he misunderstood the situation.

2. Neither you nor your informant can name any individual connected in an official or business way with Austrian affairs to whom I ever represented myself as a correspondent of *The Nation*.

3. Austrians (especially in Vienna and in Salzburg), as well as Americans whom I met there, among them a few of your readers, as well as a number of English and American newspapermen, deny your informant's report.

4. Correspondents receive theater privileges in Vienna. Yet the directors and managers of Vienna's theaters, in a statement signed by each of them, also deny the truth of your announcement.

New York, June 4 BARNET BRAVERMAN

[After discussing the matter with Mr. Braverman since his return to the United States we are convinced that he was not guilty of any intentional misrepresentation.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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Books

Decoration for a Girl's Room

By HORACE GREGORY

A still bird in a wild tree,
a small, black bird with a golden throat
makes noises to a far, gray sea
and never sings a note.

And clouds move in a dark sky,
broken, red clouds that curdle and fall
through the wild tree and the bird's cry
that never sings at all.

Mr. Massingham

"H. W. M.": A Selection from His Writings. With essays by H. N. Brailsford, J. L. Hammond, Vaughan Nash, H. W. Nevinson, H. M. Tomlinson, and George Bernard Shaw. Edited by Harold J. Massingham. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

NO selection from his writings, no introductory essays even from such intimates as J. L. Hammond, H. N. Brailsford, H. W. Nevinson, and Bernard Shaw, can explain the unique position held by H. W. Massingham among the English journalists of our time. For though he put more of his individuality into his written word than any other servant of the press, the subtle qualities of his intelligence and feeling could only be communicated in close personal intercourse. Moreover, the greater part of his active life was spent in the effervescence and evanescence of daily journalism, writing vivid parliamentary sketches and political leaders on the *Daily Chronicle* and *Daily News*. Only since 1907, when he became editor and maker of the London *Nation*, did the educated public begin to reap the maturer fruits of his mind. Only those who worked with him could realize his greatness as an editor, his almost miraculous eye for the significant, not only in what is called "public life" but in the world of art, literature, science, and religion. Bred in a nest of East Anglican Methodism, and escaping early in the eighties into the freer journalistic atmosphere of London, he bore through life the strangely durable traces of an inner austerity of spirit which contrasted amusingly with the surface levity, almost license, of his speech, manners, and opinions upon many matters of serious import. This apparent inconsistency was enhanced by the dramatic vividness imparted to all his expressions in speech or pen, and by the quick changes in perspective which distinguished his peculiarly responsive nature. But such statements do injustice to the powerful principles and steady deep enthusiasms that made him a courageous and effective leader in so many causes of freedom and justice. His resignation of the editorial chair of the *Chronicle*, when the proprietors sought to silence his criticisms of the infamous Boer War, was but one of several sacrifices to the cause of truth which marked his high sense of the responsibility of the press.

Some of the most brilliant articles retrieved for this volume deal with public men whom he had known, or whose careers he had closely followed, and it is not too much to say that American readers will get a better understanding of what is distinctive in the tortuous British policy of the last two generations from these portraits and passing *aperçus* than from the more formal histories of our time. For Massingham had the literary genius to put into some single phrase the special significance of a critical event or a political character, thus giving a true signal post along the road of history. Not a profound scholar, he had large and various reading; not a philosopher, he had clear guiding thoughts and strong sensitive intuitions. His attitude to life's passing show was that of the keenly interested artist rather than that of the scientific thinker. But his art of life was not what is called merely, or mainly, temperamental. It was guided and inspired by steady lights and immovable standards. The events of the past decades went largely to feed a disillusionment into politics, which appeared to him more and more as an art of promise, not of fulfilment. The charge of variability, sometimes brought against him, is attributable to the fact that he "found out" so many of the men and lands of promise. He did much to aggrandize such liberal leaders as Rosebery and Lloyd George in their as yet undimmed roles of social reformers. They left him; he did not leave them. So it was, not alone with individual but with party. Liberal to his very quick and marrow in training, traditions, natural sympathy, and intellectual convictions, he required from liberalism the tests of personal liberty and equality applied to a society riddled with economic despotism. The war proved that liberalism was false even to its own accepted creed, throwing overboard one after another as war emergencies its cherished liberties, while amid the wreckage of the post-war era it wrung impotent and unconstructive hands. Massingham thus came to quit a liberalism no longer liberal, and became an attached though hardly an optimistic supporter of Labor.

Though politics naturally plays a large part in this collection, much incisive and illuminating writing is directed to other themes—literary, dramatic, religious. In all of this, while the writer often seems absorbed with qualities of style, technique, and method, it is the flashes of moral sensibility that are most impressive, pointing as they do to the serious and solid substratum of his nature. It was with visionaries and mystics, Tolstoi, "Mark Rutherford," Olive Schreiner, that his spirit was in deepest sympathy, and in his profounder moments, either as writer or as talker, he was continuously reverting to their thoughts.

His son, in editing, has done well to include fragments of verse and prose from private letters and other informal sources, but not so well in appending to some of the most brilliantly intelligible passages notes either of interpretation or of appreciation.

J. A. HOBSON

Lincolniana

Life of Abraham Lincoln. By William E. Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Two volumes. $10.

Lincoln the Litigant. By William H. Townsend. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Abraham Lincoln. By Dr. Graf Albrecht Montgelas. Vienna: Verlag Karl Konig.

IN his two volumes Mr. Barton assembles the conclusions of nearly fifty years of personal investigation. In "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," published four years ago, he contributed a fresh consideration of Lincoln's early environment in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois as the basis of a well-documented study of Lincoln's attitude toward religion. Shortly afterward he published "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," in which, after disposing of a number of lingering traditions purporting to identify Lincoln's father with another than Thomas Lincoln —Patrick Henry and John C. Calhoun figured as rivals of five other gentlemen—he showed that Herndon, in later life, had abandoned his earlier assumption of irregular paternity. In a recent edition he made known his final conclusions establishing the long-rumored illegitimacy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Both books bulk largely in the "Life," but the new work is

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amply warranted. Mr. Barton is able to correct a number of details in the work of his predecessors, to confirm others that were in doubt, and to give some facts and documents which had escaped the notice of previous biographers.

Mr. Barton makes public for the first time the information that in 1859 Lincoln purchased the insolvent *Illinois Staats-Anzeiger*, a German-American newspaper of Springfield, and used it for eighteen months in behalf of his nomination for the Presidency, afterward reselling it to its former editor. Of even greater interest are some excerpts from the "Diary" of O. H. Browning, United States Senator from Illinois during the Civil War days, a man who was as intimate with Lincoln at the time as any one. From this diary, soon to be published by the Illinois Historical Survey at Urbana, Mr. Barton is able to amplify our knowledge of Lincoln's slough of despond in 1862, when his defeated armies and the unfavorable fall elections deeply depressed him and furnished an occasion to the ambitious Chase to stir up a revolt of the radical Senators against the President. Headed by Wade and Trumbull, the Senate committee, convinced by Chase's intimations of dissension in the Cabinet, insisted that the President reconstruct his official family. Lincoln was momentarily disconcerted. He instructed the committee to return and state their case before the Cabinet. The Senators went away in disgust upon hearing the Cabinet members, including Chase, solemnly aver that they were all harmonious. Feeling that the President could now make what he thought were desirable changes in the Cabinet, Browning went to the White House to urge this course, but received the emphatic response from Lincoln that he was master.

Biographers have made much of Lincoln's domestic infelicities. Mr. Barton gives a very human and sane treatment to this subject, concluding from his reconsideration of the little evidence to be had that, although Mrs. Lincoln's high spirit frequently taxed her husband's patient forbearance, Lincoln loved his wife and owed much in his career to her ambition and counsel. Similarly he reconsiders the slender evidence bearing upon the composition of the Gettysburg Address, agreeing that it took shape partly in Washington and partly after the President's arrival in Gettysburg. He regards the Cooper Union Address as the peak of Lincoln's utterances, contrary to the prevailing view. It was, indeed, the maturation of the arguments growing out of the debates with Douglas, and it answers once for all any misgivings as to Lincoln's capacity for effective research and constructive interpretation in constitutional law. But for artistic condensation of both outward and inward experience the speech falls distinctly below the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

"Lincoln the Litigant," to which Mr. Barton supplies an appreciative foreword, is Mr. Townsend's second contribution to Lincolniana. His "Lincoln the Defendant" of two years ago presented facsimiles of previously unpublished letters and legal documents in a suit brought against Lincoln in 1853 by a cotton manufacturer of Lexington, Kentucky, to recover $472.54 which the company alleged that Lincoln, as its attorney, had collected from Illinois customers and left unaccounted for. Lincoln's father-in-law, Robert S. Todd, had been a member of this company, and after his death his son, Levi, alienated from his sisters during the distribution of the paternal estate, inspired the suit against Lincoln. Lincoln furnished his Lexington attorney in the case with such an array of counter-proof that the suit was withdrawn. Mr. Townsend's second book summarizes the facts of this suit and gives interesting accounts of several other suits in which Lincoln appeared, not as counsel but either as plaintiff or as defendant. The reader will be surprised at the number of such suits in which Lincoln figured. The author has added considerably to our knowledge of this new phase of Lincoln's legal history.

Lincoln students will be much interested in the new brief life of Lincoln by Count Montgelas. The author is active as a Democrat in German politics, and copies of his book were circulated among the German electorate to influence votes in the presidential campaign against Von Hindenburg. The volume furnishes an enthusiastic statement of the orthodox facts concerning Lincoln's rise from the common folk to the leadership, not of "stupid sheep" but of an intelligent and self-governing people.

LUTHER E. ROBINSON

Donald Ogden Stewart

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad. By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company. $2.

The Crazy Fool. By Donald Ogden Stewart. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

SOME do and some can't. There are men sufficiently acute to recognize the aesthetic principles which demand that you laugh at Mr. Stewart's latest ventures in humor because "the Haddocks' souls are filled with the tag-ends of modern life and stuffed with the mythology of the daily papers," or even because "Stewart's story . . . is really an excursion into the subconscious of the average 'solid citizen' and his wife"; there are those, come to think of it, who can find aesthetic values when The Spirit of Street Cleaning and The Spirit of Garbage Collecting march in spotted veils down The Avenue of Progress.

As for me, I am a simple soul who has painfully learned to guffaw when the movie comedian chucks a custard pie at the face of the tyrannical pie custodian—because good thereby overcomes evil. But there I stop. I will not, nay, I cannot rise to the realm of aesthetics. I may be pricked but never tickled by a philosophic feather of this nature: "Eccentric to the recurrent rotation of the wheels of that enormous machine whose ravages William Vaughn Moody vividly described in his poem, The Beast, the speculation of [these writers] has wandered into the realm of phantasmagoria presided over by the subconscious."

I am not proud of my limitations. Why should Mr. Stewart's blows strike me as blow-outs? Impressionism, explains the neoteric. When Mr. Perkins of the New York White-wings discourses on the tour to Europe, the Ritz cuisine, and the Princesse de Lorme, that is impressionism; when Mr. Haddock seeks the place where he kicked a fair cross-word puzzler's leg and she counters by saying: "And last Thursday those headaches came back," that is impressionism; when the captain interrupts his Sunday services to quell a revolt of the second-class passengers, that is impressionism. But why does not all of this impressionism impress me? And who in the world besides the enthusiastic aesthetes was impressed by it?

These reflections are perhaps more pertinent to "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad" than to "The Crazy Fool." Neither contains the heady stuff of Mr. Stewart's earlier books; each lacks the sparkle of "Perfect Behavior" and the sizzle of "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind"; but at least "The Crazy Fool" is impressionism sufficiently modified to be recognizable both in its achievement and its intent. Whereas in the Haddock volume there is but one genuinely humorous passage, the first chapter, in "The Crazy Fool" the comic episodes and moods follow close upon one another, all the way from the introduction of our hero: "When he inherited the asylum, Charlie was 23 years old and in love, which made his total age 14 including depreciation and money for carfare and marbles"; through the philosophical reflection of Edison that "sex is a funny thing but yet, like the cat in the adage, you've got to have it"; to the meeting with drunken Romeo and the catastrophe that ends the book.

As for the intention, we soon recognize that the author aims at a vast burlesque of contemporary American civilization. With the most Rabelaisian carnality possible in a God-fearing, Bryan-cheering country Mr. Stewart ridicules the incidents that

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constitute our life; and though little of the criticism is original with him, the manner of its presentation is wholly his own. His travesty Mr. Stewart achieves through the constant conglomeration of platitudes, bromides, and catch-words which, in their absurd juxtaposition, must impress us with the vapidity of conventional thought and speech, piling his jocosities one upon the other to a glorious climax in the scenario which the girl from the Publicity Department writes to advertise Socko. This is called "The Passion Flower of Broadway," for, as the young lady explains, it sounds much "better than just 'The Life of Calvin Coolidge' or something like that."

"The Crazy Fool," then, ranks between Mr. Stewart's earliest work and "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad." It may lack something of the magnetic attraction of "Perfect Behavior" and of the compelling irritation of "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind," but it has an abundance of both wit and satire. Though nothing Mr. Stewart may ever publish will make me forget the superb autobiography he wrote a year or so ago, the Haddock book has done much to temper my enthusiasm for his future. If, as has been reported, he is truly concerned with immortality, he will do well to return to the style of that biography. Time is armed with a crude weapon, and Mr. Stewart's best method in the duel is a downright, vigorous attack with the broadsword of humor, not a fancy feinting with the rapier of ingenuity.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

The New Ownership

Industrial Ownership. By Robert S. Brookings. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

WHEN a successful business man speaks on economic questions, he is likely to be heard with more respect than is accorded the mere economist, though the latter may know ten times as much. Mr. Brookings, however, speaks modestly. His little book, embodying the results of long and careful reflection on an important body of facts, deserves the attention that it is likely to receive.

Forty years ago the business unit was small, industry was actively managed by its owners, and nobody questioned their right to run it as they pleased within the law. Today, partly as an almost unnoticed result of the trust movement, the ownership of our important industrial corporations has become widely diffused, and that diffusion is proceeding faster than ever before. In consequence, ownership has become almost wholly separated from management. Industrial management is actually in the hands of a small, self-selected group (just as in every other social activity), and "the owner's reliance is primarily on the good faith and ability of the management as witnessed by past performance." Two important results follow. "In the first place, it has made it possible to distinguish the return to ownership from the return to management, and therefore to set up standards of a fair return to each. . . . In the second place, the separation of management from investment is bringing about a change in the ideas of managers about their own responsibility. As management ceases to represent merely itself, it comes to feel a responsibility not merely to the stockholders but also to labor and the public."

According to Mr. Brookings, in the old days when management and capital collectively constituted ownership, industry was administered in the interests of such ownership, profits were high, and profiteering was not specially disreputable. Public dissatisfaction with this state of affairs manifested itself in the rise of militant trade unionism, the growth of anti-trust legislation, and the appearance of new standards of business ethics. While the politicians and the unions have been exercising increasing pressure on management, the influence of stockholders has been decreasing, thus giving management a new sense of responsibility both to labor and to the public.

As a result of all this, Mr. Brookings believes that he has put at least a little salt on the tail of that shy bird, the industrial problem. A comparison of the earnings of national banks, employing little labor and operating under strict government regulation, with the somewhat smaller returns of industrial corporations suggests that ownership is not exploiting labor but is getting simply the "market wage" necessary to secure the services of its capital (the economist's "pure" or "natural" rate of interest). Management, moreover, receives only reasonable returns, profiteering being the exception. Therefore the benefits of increased production tend, on the whole, to go where they are most needed, to "the public" in lower prices and to labor in higher wages (an idea interestingly reminiscent of General Walker's residual theory of wages). Hence our hope of betterment lies in increased production, which we may aid by a relaxation of anti-trust laws so far as they prevent cooperation in the public interest and by inducing unions and individual workers to eliminate restrictive practices. To attain these results we must have uniformity and publicity of corporation accounts, and it may be a considerable degree of public regulation, together with unemployment insurance, a reasonable control of industrial fluctuation, and other measures that will give labor a real and direct interest in increased production. All this accomplished, "we may hope that cooperation between the industries and labor will take the place of the present wasteful system of bargaining." It is a cheerful faith, and one based on wide experience and sober thought. Moreover, it certainly reflects the operation of important forces at work in present-day American industrial life.

But a question and an observation are suggested. First, in proving his case, why has not Mr. Brookings proved at least half the case for his socialist critics? If ownership as an active force has fallen into the background, and if management, to put the case extremely, now works for labor and the public rather than for owners, why should not the state take over industry, thus getting rid of the troublesome questions arising out of private ownership?

But vastly more important, to state the basic matter flatly, all ideas of economic salvation based on the increase of production are vain, and if we persist in following that path we proud exponents of Western civilization shall all go to hell together. As Vernon Lee says, "To reform our notions of what is valuable and distinguished would bring about an economic reformation." I believe that Mr. Brookings is everlastingly wrong in his basic assumption; but that assumption is shared by nine hundred ninety-nine out of every thousand persons in the Western world, whether they call themselves radical or conservative. All such, whether they agree or disagree, will find in Mr. Brookings's book much food for thought.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

The Ethics of Politics

The Ethical Basis of the State. By Norman Wilde. Princeton University Press. $2.

THERE is some question as to whether there is an ethical basis for politics, even in the Aristotelian sense of the word. The attack upon the state as the highest unit of moral community is not limited to the pluralists and syndicalists who are boring from within. It is supported by the combined forces of the cosmopolitans and internationalists, just as unwilling on their part to stop short with the state as the pluralists are to arrive at any such inclusive limit. "Citizens of the world, unite" is the device of this internationalism, just as the class or group *critique* of the state is apt to issue in an exhortation to the workers of the world.

Mr. Wilde has undertaken the task of weighing out even-

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handed justice both to these critics and to the ideal state which they are defaming. At the outset one must accept his self-imposed limitations. He is not hopeful of pointing out a way to social or political salvation. He does, however, hope to clear up the ground which is being fought over, and the air as well, by "an untechnical exposition of the principles more or less clearly recognized since the time of Plato and Aristotle." The problem, he sees, is to find what it is about the relation of the state to other groups that is peculiar; and then to examine the claims this status gives the state to an especial moral sanction for its use of force.

It is a joy to find an American scholar combining the perspective of humanism with a lucid style and a wide acquaintance with the essential facts. Mr. Wilde sees that ethics cannot escape considering economics, history, and psychology, or the combination of these that is politics, by any merely general formulae. Historically, the basis of a new pluralism of loyalties is to be found in the modern growth of economic associations which reintroduce the struggle maintained by the church in the Middle Ages. But can these economic organizations supply a new basis of social organization which will reduce the state gradually to a relatively unimportant role, as the church hoped to reduce it earlier? There seems to be a substantial agreement that the state is not that all-inclusive organic context of social relations and institutions which Bosanquet has hypostatized into a General Will. Rather, pluralism has it, the state is only the government—not the entire sum of social activities. And government is one of the least of these.

Mr. Wilde is interested in rescuing the state from these contenders. The state is society, but only in the aspect of "an all-inclusive, non-voluntary, territorial association" exercising unconditional control over its members. It is not the whole context of society. But neither is it merely the rulers—the government, as the realism of Duguit, Laski, and Cole would hold. The state represents a definite community in society, a community of purpose in things political, legally organized on a territorial basis.

What is to prevent this political community from extending its sphere in all directions—from becoming omnicompetent? Essentially it is the fact that political purpose is limited to safeguarding the conditions of the good life. That means a qualified individualism, not simply social atomism or negative protection. So that the state, while it must never attempt to impose *Kultur*, or to stifle the freest development of personality, still can play an active role in providing a justice which will "hinder the hindrances" to the good life—to use T. H. Green's phrase. Upon this claim rests the essential right of the state to be judge in its own case, i.e., to be sovereign. The *ethos* of internationalism seems, for some reason, to concern Mr. Wilde hardly at all.

Is there an ethical basis for obedience to the state? Yes, according to Mr. Wilde—one which springs from a shared community of purpose and is dependent on the general recognition of certain political rights and duties in a given society. Obligation is not absolute but relative to the values involved—with the presumption in favor of the state where obedience alone is called into question. His main point, however, is that the very existence of a state implies a sufficient community of moral purpose to permit the settlement of disputes by political and legal means—not by direct action or by what Mr. Laski calls negotiation. But is this basic community one of moral values and are they absolute? Is there not a pragmatic as well as a formal problem? The pragmatic problem demands that we examine a city not laid up in Heaven but actually made with hands. Our real ethical concern must be with fitting the materials at hand into our ideal specifications or in altering the latter to a workable program.

"Out of wealth-seeking individuals we cannot build a free community," says Mr. Wilde. But your political contractor must make bricks with this straw: bankers' and manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce, farm bureaus, labor unions. An ethical basis for the state demands a real moral community, a theory of representative government that permits such differing members of the body politic as these to work for a solution in the light of a common purpose, not by lobbies and blocs. Perhaps the subordinate and advisory economic body known as the German Parliament of Industry may offer the concrete beginning of a solution dependent upon neither a formally categorical imperative nor a pious wish—though Mr. Wilde passes it by to deal with a highly hypothetical guild socialism.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Wilde to suggest, however, that he does not recognize the need of superstructure for his foundation. Community of moral purpose, he says, is a matter of degree and of fact. To give real grounds for political obligation we must create a sufficient degree of moral community in our state to make loyalty to it a fact. That is, on the whole, as wise and honest a statement of the matter as one could wish.

W. Y. Elliott

Ambition in Love's Clothing

La Vie amoureuse de Madame de Pompadour. Par Marcelle Tinayre. Collection "Leurs amours." Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

IT is hard to forgive a publisher who sets Charles Maurras to write of Dante's Beatrice and Marcelle Tinayre to prattle of Louis XV's ugly amours in the same series. We have heard often enough, it would seem, of Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson's long intrigue with the Sun-King's unworthy successor. It does still remain for some one to study in detail the influential if generally unfortunate part the Marquise de Pompadour played in the political affairs of Europe, and her much more wholesome activities in the encouragement of art and industry within the borders of France; but there was no new gossip to retail about her ostensibly sentimental relations with the Well-Beloved (we cannot refrain from parenthesizing that though Louis seems for a time to have merited this title, it was not because of any real affection which this sly mistress of his ever cherished for his insignificant person); and Marcelle Tinayre has no scandal to purvey which has not already reached the reader of Michelet, the Goncourts, Pierre de Nolhac, Noel Williams, and the smaller fry who had already told her story.

The book is well done, of course. Everything of Marcelle Tinayre's has been well done. She has a gentle, unpretentious, serious, and incredibly nimble way about her which again justifies somebody's remark to the effect that no one ever writes better than a Frenchman except a French woman. Here is certainly the pleasantest book about Mme de Pompadour. We are inclined to believe, even, that the author's intuition, in default of new information, has given us at some points a truer and subtler picture of this strangely strong and secret soul than we have found anywhere else. But we are not always sure that, skilled novelist as she is and given to building a narrative into symmetry and harmony, she is always entirely candid in her use of her material. Story for story, the alleged testimony of an eye-witness that the King glanced out of the window toward the funeral cortège of his late mistress and remarked nonchalantly: "The marquise has a wet day for her journey" is less edifying than the other one that he stood heroically on his balcony in the pouring rain, wept two great tears, and sobbed: "It was the only way I had of showing her the last honors." But it is quite as well authenticated, and Mme Tinayre never even mentions the former story or hints at any doubt as to the latter. The book is distinctly an apology, frankly as it speaks of faults; but it is never quite so shock-

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ingly tolerant as the opinion of an English biographer that "Apart from her responsibility for the Seven Years' War, it is very doubtful whether Mme de Pompadour really did much harm. . . ." We are sure she did, but even had this been all, one might pay a similar tribute to Attila or General von Bernhardi. Mme Tinayre wisely refrains from specific appraisals, and she is always judicious. But we feel it our duty to warn sentimental readers that the book is no love story. What the gifted and charming Marchioness of Pompadour loved was never man that is born of woman but power that is born of intrigue. And that, we must admit, she did love so passionately that she gave her life for it. ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

The Growth of Civilization. By W. J. Perry. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Professor Perry, like Dr. Elliot Smith, holds firmly to the thesis that in Egypt is to be found the origin of all higher forms of civilization. The close relationship between Egypt and the later and wider Mediterranean culture is now well understood. The relation of Egypt to Far-Eastern, Polynesian, and even American culture is assumed by Elliot Smith and Perry to be no less obvious. To hold as they do that Egyptian culture spread by actual migration to the Pacific Ocean and to America is to overwork the theory of cultural borrowing and to ignore completely the possibility of independent invention of culture. In truth, we have in their work a pretty example of men—specialists in their own right, one in anatomy, the other in archaeology—pretending to speak in somewhat related fields but withal denying the mass of facts which run counter to their preconceived position. They ignore completely the historical method made prominent in anthropology by the work of Boas and his students. This method studies each culture in its historical setting first, drawing inferences as to universality, borrowing, or invention in regard to related cultures only as the empirical features warrant. The present author, on the contrary, commences with a thesis and then by a whole series of perhapses and we-may-assumes places his interpretation before us as a final word on the origin of civilization everywhere from Timbuctoo to the Iroquois Confederacy. The lay reader would do better to remain in ignorance of primitive cultures than to get such colossal misconceptions as appear on every page of this book.

What Ails Our Youth. By George A. Coe. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Youth in Conflict. By Miriam Van Waters. Republic Publishing Company. $1.

With the flood of recent literature about our young people and their—and incidentally our—difficulties, it might be thought that little was left unsaid. Yet both Mr. Coe and Miss Van Waters have made definite contributions toward a mutual understanding of two generations with conflicting ideals and habits. That the conflict is not new both authors admit; but they succeed in convincing their readers that the present educational, domestic, economic, and religious situations are creating even more than the usual amount of stress and strain. The two books are a distinct contrast in method and material, although the conclusions arrived at are similar. Mr. Coe speaks from the standpoint of the experienced university teacher and is particularly interested in the religious and educational aspects of the conflict. His approach is the more conventional, and for that reason sometimes lacks the compelling force of Miss Van Water's case-studies. Miss Van Water's book is based on face-to-face contact with youthful tragedies. She is the Referee in the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, and her material is taken from her experiences there. Her book is a definite answer to those sociological critics who claim that social work is nothing but mere puttering with individuals with

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no adequate return to society. The conflicts here described embrace everything from childish quarrels to murder. The essential elements which produce the conflicts, however, exist in practically every American community and in thousands of American homes, schools, factories, and neighborhood groups. Every college dean, high-school principal, and educational administrator should read "Youth in Conflict," so that he may render a more understanding service to the youth in his charge.

Society and Its Surplus. By Newell L. Sims. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

For a full quarter century the view has been widely cultivated that the central problems of modern economics center about a more equal distribution of wealth rather than about an increase in wealth production. In the phrase of the late Simon N. Patten, our society had, so it was said, "passed from the age of an economic deficit to the age of an economic surplus." This gave rise to many hopeful visions of a new human dispensation in which there would no longer be any general concern as to the adequacy of the material basis for civilization, an era in which the great social policies would deal with the equalization of the standards of life and the spread of the best elements of the social heritage among all ranks of the people. Mr. Sims's book is admittedly inspired by that vision. Yet it is also a serious effort to construct a theory of social evolution and organization on the Spencerian principle of the equilibrations of energy. On the whole it is a worth-while book, being full of interesting data and abounding in sound and thoroughly objective sociological observations. It is regrettable that the author could not avoid the monotony of his references to the "social surplus."

Men and Policies. By Elihu Root. Harvard University Press. $5.

The eighth volume in the collected addresses of Mr. Root, edited by the late Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott, brings together some of his more recent speeches and writings under three main headings: Some Americans, Law and Its Administration, The War and Readjustment. With few exceptions they are the utterances of the private citizen; a number under the last heading represent his latest contributions to the conduct of our foreign relations—as one of the Committee of Jurists who framed the plan for the World Court, and as a member of the American Delegation to the Washington Conference. This volume recalls again the extraordinary breadth of Mr. Root's interests and the range of his influence. But Mr. Root's contributions, eminent to the conservative cause, are compact of compromise and sometimes even of confusion. Pan American unity, which his trip as Secretary of State was to cement, fell afoul the Cuban imbroglio. His work on the gas and submarine treaty at the Washington Conference is more likely to be honored in the breach than in the observance. He was one of the Thirty-one Republicans of 1920—and has not recanted, as some of his colleagues have done. There is little of the far-visioned statesmanship of Hay or Wilson in foreign policy, or of Holmes or Pound or Cardozo in domestic problems involving "the rule of law," to lift his utterances above the level of the skilful advocate of the status quo—another illustration of the failure of the elder statesmen of the last generation to grasp the essentials of continuing stability.

Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation. By Anne Kimball Tuell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

At last a full recognition has been given to the important literary distinction of Alice Meynell's prose. It is a much needed contribution to American criticism, and fortunately, as rendered by Miss Tuell, it is not academic. The elucidation of Mrs. Meynell's doctrine of the *mot juste*, the crystal phrase, the deliberate word, is, in itself, criticism of compelling firmness and finesse. But this chapter strikes a key which is not sustained. Only in scattered paragraphs—notably those which deal with views on woman, and with the religious poem—does the author manage to interrupt with a critical passage her avid survey of all the departments of Mrs. Meynell's enormous journalistic output. Those familiar with the work of Patmore, Francis Thompson, or Mrs. Meynell herself will find the comments on the religious poetry conducive to the respectable pleasure of affirmation. But much of what the author understands in such phrases as "Mrs. Meynell's socialism," "inward solitude," "spiritual sense," "the hidden infinitude of contradiction," "the ultimate paradox of sanctity," she leaves for the general reader obscure.

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT L. WOLF is a contributor to current periodicals and the author of "After Disillusion."

LOUIS LOZOWICK is an American artist who has exhibited in Europe and will show his paintings in New York in January. He is the author of "Modern Russian Art."

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

FRITZ KUNZ has lived in the Orient and now edits a fraternal magazine in California.

LUTHER E. ROBINSON is head of the department of English at Monmouth College.

W. Y. ELLIOTT, formerly professor of political science at the University of California, is now at Harvard.

JOHN A. HOBSON, British economist, was the author of a series of articles on current economic problems in *The Nation* during March, April, and May. He is a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

HARRY F. WARD, who has been spending several months in China and Japan, wrote the article The Meaning of Shanghai in *The Nation* for July 22.

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International Relations Section

Law and Order in Japan

By HARRY F. WARD

LAW and order did not have to be imported into Japan along with Western industrialism. Some improvements have come in recent years, but the habit was ingrained in old Japan, so that the attitudes have become almost instinctive. The system works with a finish that makes the strivings of our super-patriots appear to be, as indeed they are, the efforts of crude and bungling novices.

Law and order in any period of history rest upon espionage. At first glance, the present Japanese system of registration and surveillance of foreigners, with the continuous oversight of suspected radicals, seems to have been "made in Germany." Undoubtedly some features of it, like the military system of Japan, come from that country, but historians tell us that in the days of the Shogunate an orderly and ambitious ruler divided the population up into blocks of five families, each five to spy continuously on another.

The present system is not without its benefits for the foreigners. They do not get lost and things do not happen to them that the Government can prevent. On its side the Government knows what they are doing and writing and saying. Their speeches are usually reported by the metropolitan police, a body which is attached to the Home Department, deriving its name from the fact that its original duty was to protect the royal household in Tokio. Apparently some of its functions are delegated to the municipal police. At the present time a foreigner whose views might be classed as radical, or who has connections with Japanese labor or radical movements, will receive periodic visits from some member of the police force, who endeavors to find out what meetings he is going to hold or attend and sometimes what he is thinking concerning some current happening. This interview quite often becomes a friendly conversation on many subjects far beyond the object of inquiry, so the method should make for the education of the Japanese police force. Indeed the whole system seems to be more for the information of the Government than for the suppression of the foreigner. The only case in which anyone has been prevented from speaking was that of Margaret Sanger, and under Japanese public pressure that was finally modified to allow private meetings, which meant that a gathering of forty or fifty persons was not prohibited.

Either there is no desire to conceal the system or else there is a childlike naivete about its workings. Several men will appear at a women's meeting. When questioned they will say, yes, they came from the police department, and when asked to withdraw will do so without objection. They have been carrying out a routine and do not care to press the point. Letters of people who are being watched are, of course, opened and resealed according to the world-wide system of secret-service organizations, but in Japan you are quite likely to have somebody from the police department drop around and ask you about a meeting whose notices you have sent out by mail before the letters could possibly have reached their destination. You may notice in the midst of your audience a stenographer evidently working with efficiency; so the Home Department gets a first-hand report instead of the garbled accounts that our American ignorant under-cover men pass in to those who are foolish enough to pay them. If the Foreign Office is interested in what you are saying you are quite likely when you meet one of its officials to have him casually remark: "I have just been reading in Japanese the lecture that you delivered yesterday."

There is no such strenuous effort to suppress speech as there is with us, but there is a keen desire to know all that is going on, and this is achieved with great thoroughness. A man may be invited officially to lecture before a bureau of some government department another bureau of which is engaged in reporting all his lectures.

Things go differently where the local police are concerned, especially when they are dealing with educational institutions where they are not supposed to enter. If a college invites a foreign lecturer, a policeman is likely to come around afterward and ask a student what he talked about, only to be told that his question is silly. Plain-clothes men, however, are beginning to come into college halls. On one occasion recently, after a lecture by a well-known Japanese scholar in an institution supported from abroad, a police official called on the authorities to say that if that sort of thing were repeated it would be necessary to have men in uniform present at future occasions. When he was asked what had been said that was objectionable, he replied: "Well, I was asleep, but the other men reported that he said 'the government says my education cost them several thousand yen, but I say its cost was milked from the toilers of Japan.' That sort of thing cannot go on."

The new Japan is evidently baffling law and order quite a bit. It is raising more problems than the system is at present able to meet. Students have always had freedom of speech and considerable liberty of action. They have been accustomed to get their desires in the academic world by means of the strike. Recently the Ministry of Education has proposed a military training system for the colleges, offering our example in the States as one of the reasons for it. It will go through, but the students do not want it and have already begun their parades of protest. Their leaders get arrested, but this leads only to another protest, and the authorities are likely to find that they cannot run an educational system by force.

The tactic in Japan has always been to allow perfect freedom within the universities. There things could be discussed which were forbidden outside. It is the same with books. There has been practically no interference with publications in English, so that the intellectuals can read things which are beyond the reach of the common people because they may not appear in Japanese. This indicates the government estimate of the capacity of the intellectuals as a force for social change, but it may be that the Government has not reckoned with new Japan. In the universities the students are forming social-science clubs which are nationally federated. They exist for the purpose of discussing things which are not in the curriculum and nothing under heaven is too radical for their inquiry. The Government has forbidden them in middle schools and colleges, but dares not touch them in the universities. These groups are forming direct contacts with the growing labor organizations. Their members are serving in labor colleges and helping to organize them. This contact between

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the students and the world of labor makes a new question for the Government.

Heretofore, the authorities in Japan have used their powers with reserve. But with all their cleverness there is the unavoidable stupidity which is inherent always in the method of espionage and repression. They cannot understand that to suppress books is only to incite people to read them. They did not foresee that forbidding Margaret Sanger to land was merely to invite a horde of journalists to interview her on the ship, spread her point of view throughout Japan, and create an irresistible demand among the intellectuals to meet her face to face.

The test of the restraint of the authorities in their use of suppression is the growing labor movement. It is now passing from the guidance of the intellectuals who have inspired and created it to the control of men from the rank and file. It is consolidating its efforts with the farmers, who also are developing an effective organization. The liberal movement in the intellectual world is the third element in what will prove to be a very strong coalition which has already compelled the Government to put through a universal male suffrage measure. Practically the only concession which the conservatives could secure was to limit the age of voting to twenty-five and that of office-holding to thirty, and this will not hold for long. To offset this, however, and also the Russian trade agreement, the Government offered the conservatives, and put through, a new measure of suppression which is called the Peace Preservation Bill, at the same time repealing some of the powers formerly given to the police.

This new law is like some of our State sedition or criminal syndicalist measures. It is couched in general terms and can be used to prevent meetings, writing, or discussion in behalf of any change in the political or economic system. The Government, however, is going to have some fun when it comes to enforce the law. One phrase prevents the discussion of change in the property system, and in reply to questions the Home Minister has said that the Government only wishes to prevent interference with private property in consumption goods, that it does not desire to prevent discussion of nationalization of the land or other means of production. To this the liberals reply by asking: "What, then, are you going to do with the municipality of Tokio, which has already gone into housing schemes to provide under municipal ownership some decent homes for workingmen at a reasonable rent?"

The Government is rapidly developing the customary technique for dealing with the rising power of labor, with some Japanese refinements. Parades have to be permitted and there is enough red in the Japanese trade-union banners to scare our hundred-percenters into paralysis. But on occasion speaking is prohibited and the singing of "The Red Flag" or the "Internationale." On other occasions certain topics are under the ban of the police and any attempt to mention them or to sing the prohibited songs results in speedy and numerous arrests. The police also have developed the habit of gathering-in the outstanding labor leaders the night before a demonstration is to occur, so now these men stay away from their homes and appear safely at the head of the procession the next morning. During the parade the police walk in long lines on either side of it and then occasionally jostle a marching worker out of line and arrest him for disorder. The last May Day parade was ordered to proceed only at the pace of a funeral march, but the workers said: "We don't mind; it is not our funeral."

The Japanese workingmen have a virility and a temper which makes it dangerous for the Government to press them too far. They have shown sufficient strength to lead the powers that be to treat them a little more carefully than they did a few years ago. It is this independent spirit of the Japanese workers which makes quite unlikely the success of anything like a Fascist movement in Japan. Already one or two organizations of this kind have come into action, but they appear to represent the old regime rather than the new industrialists. They are stressing loyalty to ancient ideals and operate under names which put about them the cloak of the old culture. They have not hesitated to use force and violence. Recently they raided the house of a man who was opposing the military-training bill, but the Government will not let that go far, because the workers will most surely answer in kind.

There is one point at which the control of the Government is absolute and that is over the press. Two copies of all printed matter must be sent to the Home Department. In order to avoid the loss incident upon having a book forbidden, publishers naturally try to get a ruling beforehand in the case of doubtful manuscripts. To all papers, magazines, and periodicals the Home Department constantly sends bulletins naming certain matters which must not be reported or discussed on penalty of five to seven years' imprisonment. The result is complete silence concerning anything which the Government thinks might incite the people to action. For instance, the outcasts, who number something over a million at the bottom of Japanese society, have recently been fighting the other people of certain communities in the endeavor to get some of the rights and privileges which have long been denied them. For a day or two the news of these outbreaks appeared in the papers and then suddenly there was silence. Likewise during the discussion over the suffrage bill there was an attack on the president of the Privy Council because of his opposition, but not a word of this was allowed to appear in print. Of course, there are some things that are too important to be suppressed. Concerning others, as usual, repression is stupid enough to defeat itself, for news spreads rapidly in the Orient by a grapevine system and with all due exaggeration.

The vital question for the immediate future of Japan is whether law and order will have wit enough to help emancipate the workers instead of keeping them down. There is a good deal in old Japan that would lead in that direction, but, of course, the new capitalists of industrialism and their satellites all press in the other direction. But the centralized authority of Japan might conceivably be used in alliance with the rising power of the farmers and workers to nationalize the land and socialize the big industrial means of production. Before the industrialists gather strength enough to resist they might be maneuvered into the position of opposing the divine authority of the Emperor. The question is whether such a tactic could be developed before the prestige of the Throne is entirely lost. But Japan at least has a possibility, which exists in no other nation, of using an ancient and real respect for a genuine and not a fake system of law and order to secure a larger social freedom. Should this happen, it would give the West, both its anarchistic Fascists and its Marxian logicians, something new to think about.

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